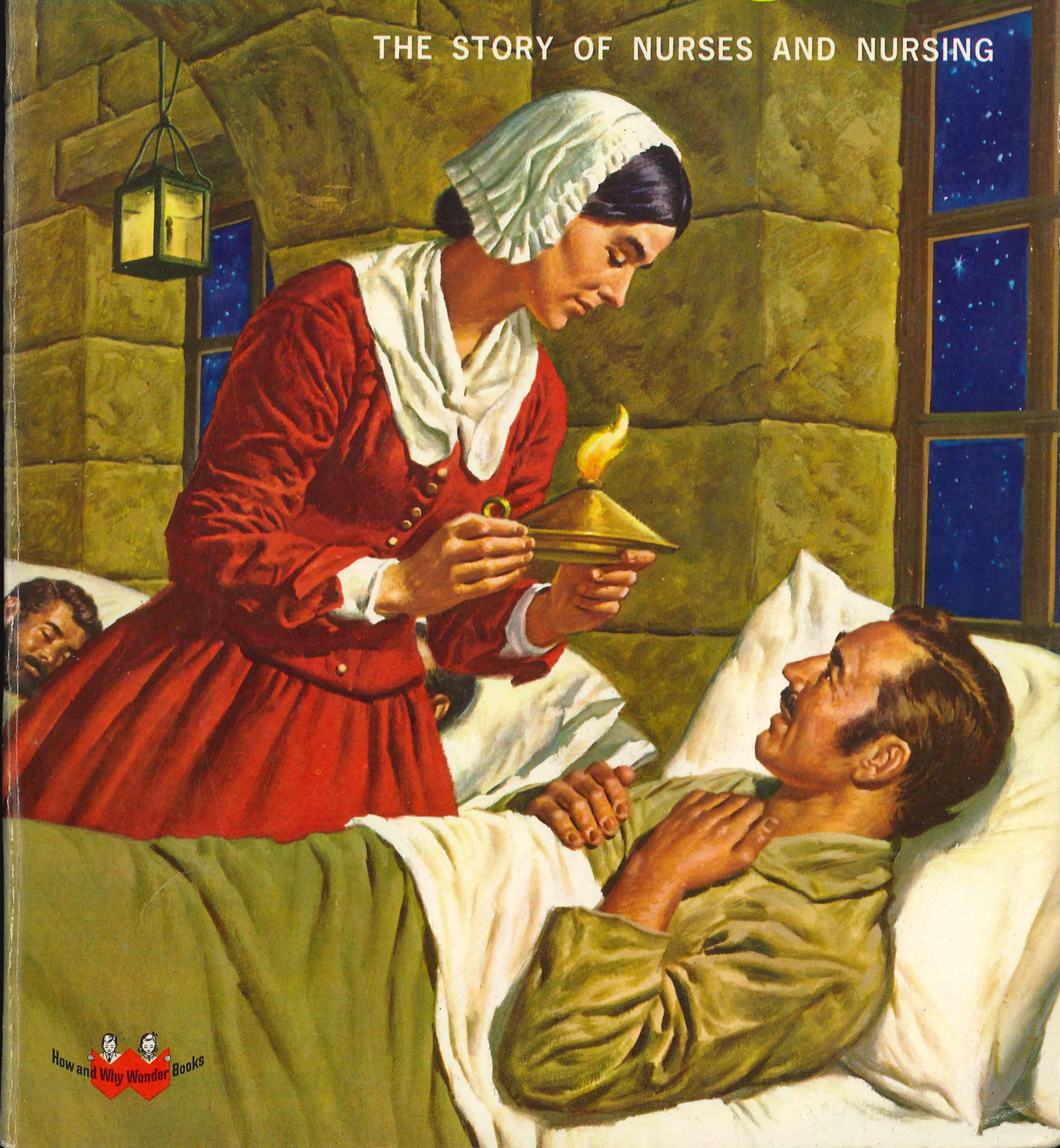


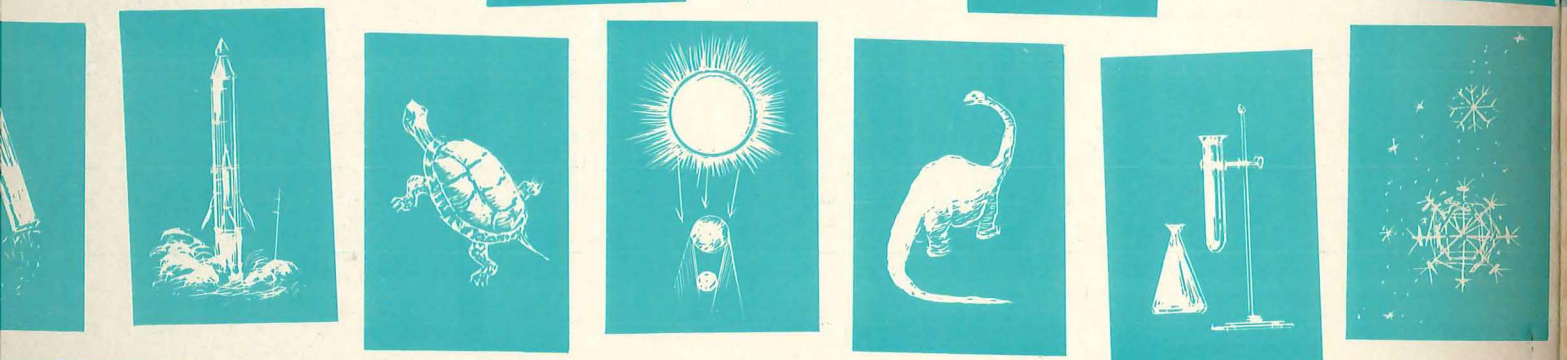
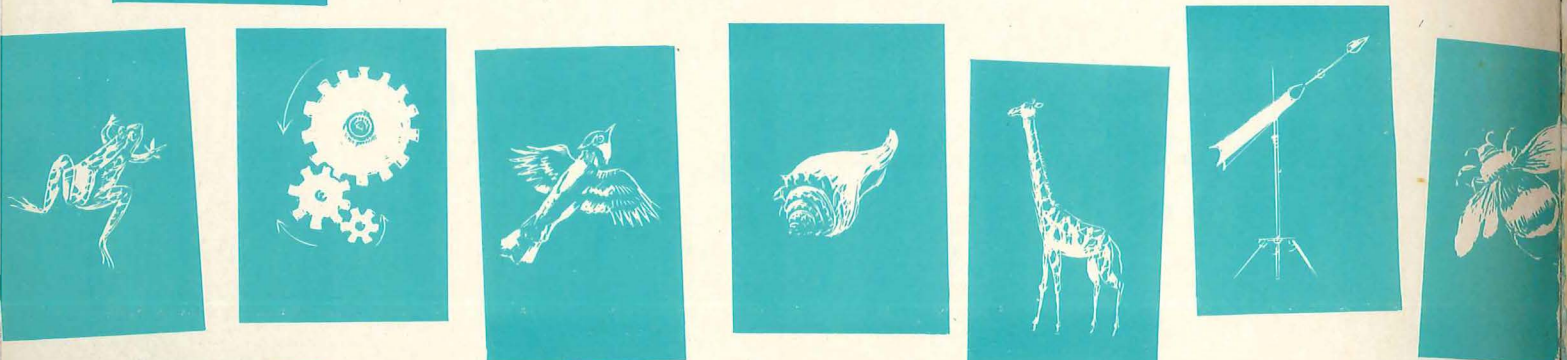
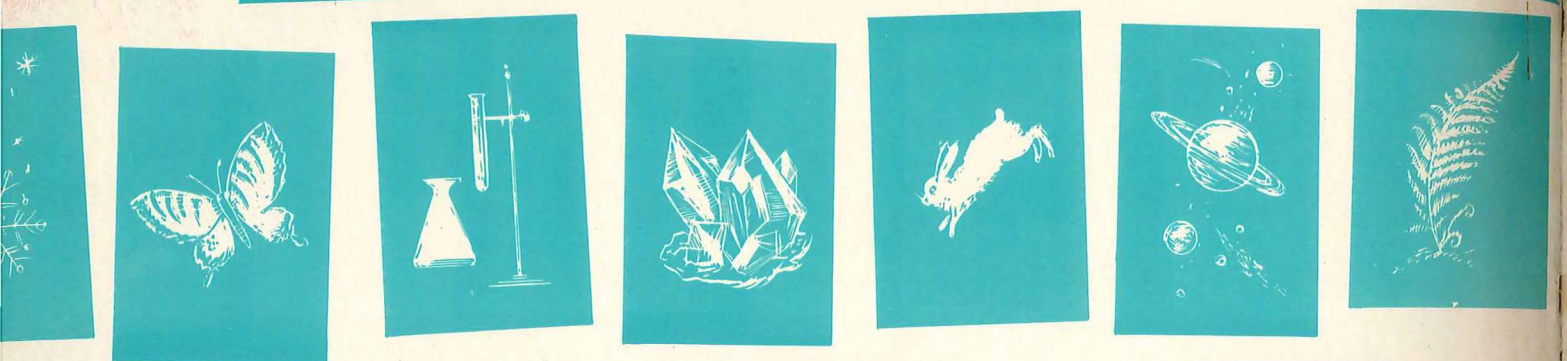
The
**HOW
AND
WHY**
Wonder Book of

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

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THE STORY OF NURSES AND NURSING





Ellen M.

Ellen Gottshall

THE HOW AND WHY WONDER BOOK OF

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

Written by

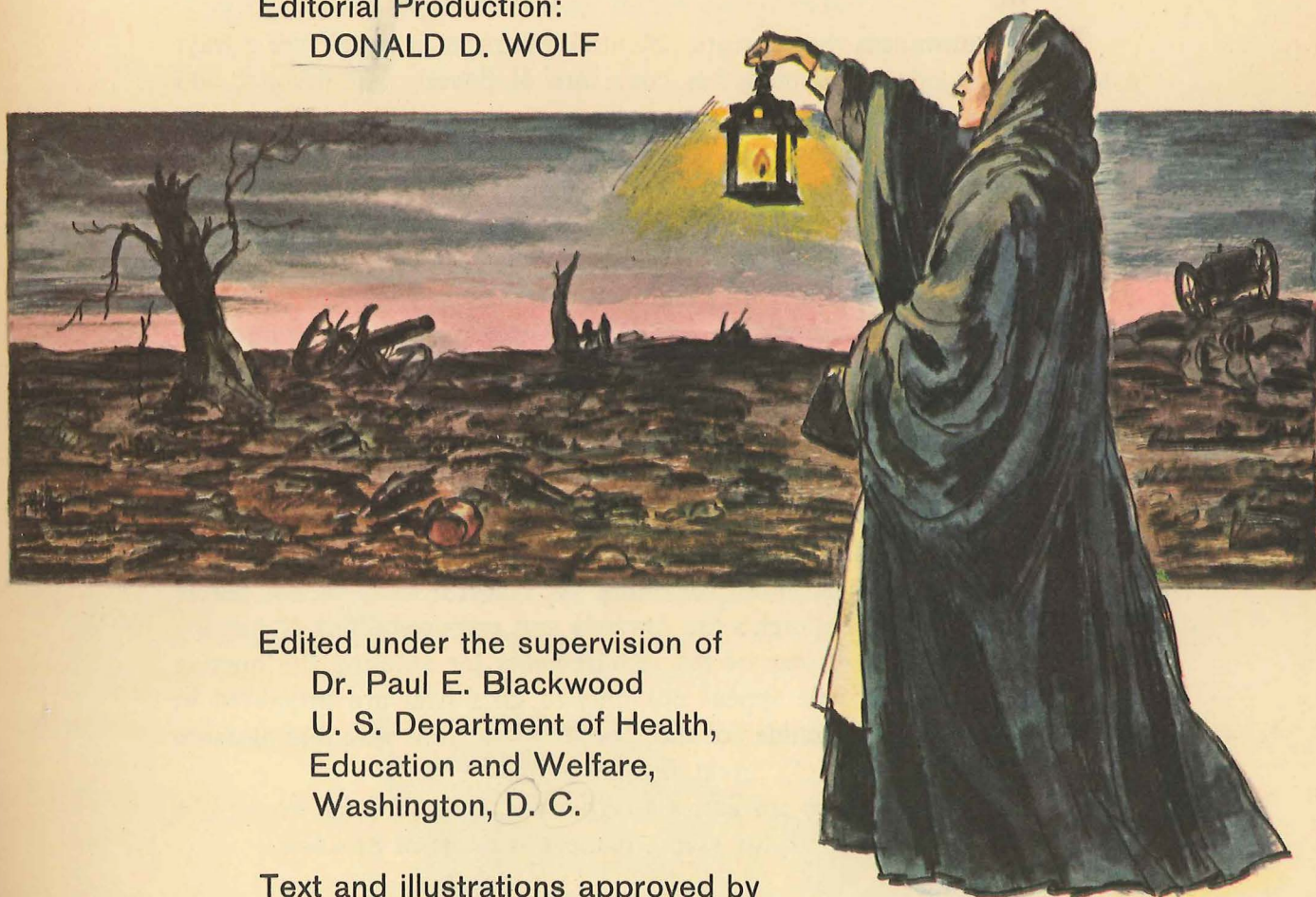
ROBERT N. WEBB

Illustrated by

LEONARD VOSBURGH

Editorial Production:

DONALD D. WOLF



Edited under the supervision of
Dr. Paul E. Blackwood
U. S. Department of Health,
Education and Welfare,
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Oakes A. White
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Introduction

The circumstances that nurture potential greatness in people are always a source of wonder. Greatness has come out of poverty and wealth, war and peace, sickness and health, tragedy and success. But whatever its origin, individual greatness has almost always been associated with continuous hard work and devotion to a well-defined ideal or purpose. Those who are remembered for their greatness usually earn their mark repeatedly throughout their lifetime.

Thus it was with the first great nurse as we read in *The How and Why Wonder Book of Florence Nightingale*. Her indomitable spirit, high purpose, exceptional knowledge and the opportunity to serve others combined to earn her a foremost position as a world leader in nursing. Many of the practices advocated and fought for by Miss Nightingale a hundred years ago in civilian and military hospitals are accepted as common practice today. Little wonder that she was admired by millions of people, including Queen Victoria herself.

This biography, in addition to telling the colorful story of the heroic "Lady of the Lamp," highlights the rewards and responsibilities of nursing as a career. It outlines some of the requirements for entering the nursing profession. The book will appeal not only to girls who are interested in exploring nursing as a possible vocation, but to all persons who find pleasure in reading the life stories of great people.

This first biography in the series of *How and Why Wonder Books* is a welcome addition to the list for young readers at home or at school.

Paul E. Blackwood

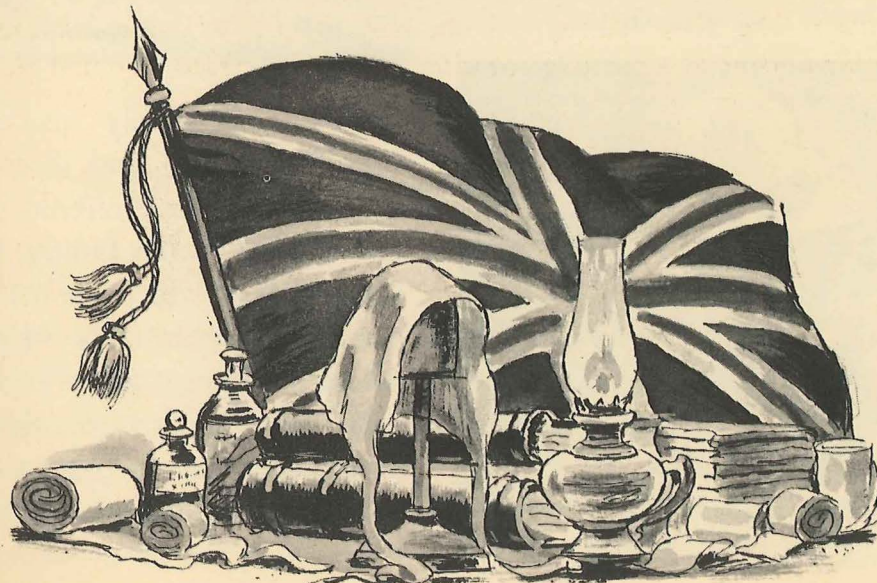
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Florence Nightingale

A smile passed fleetingly over the face of the wounded young soldier as he heard these comforting words:

"You're going to be all right."

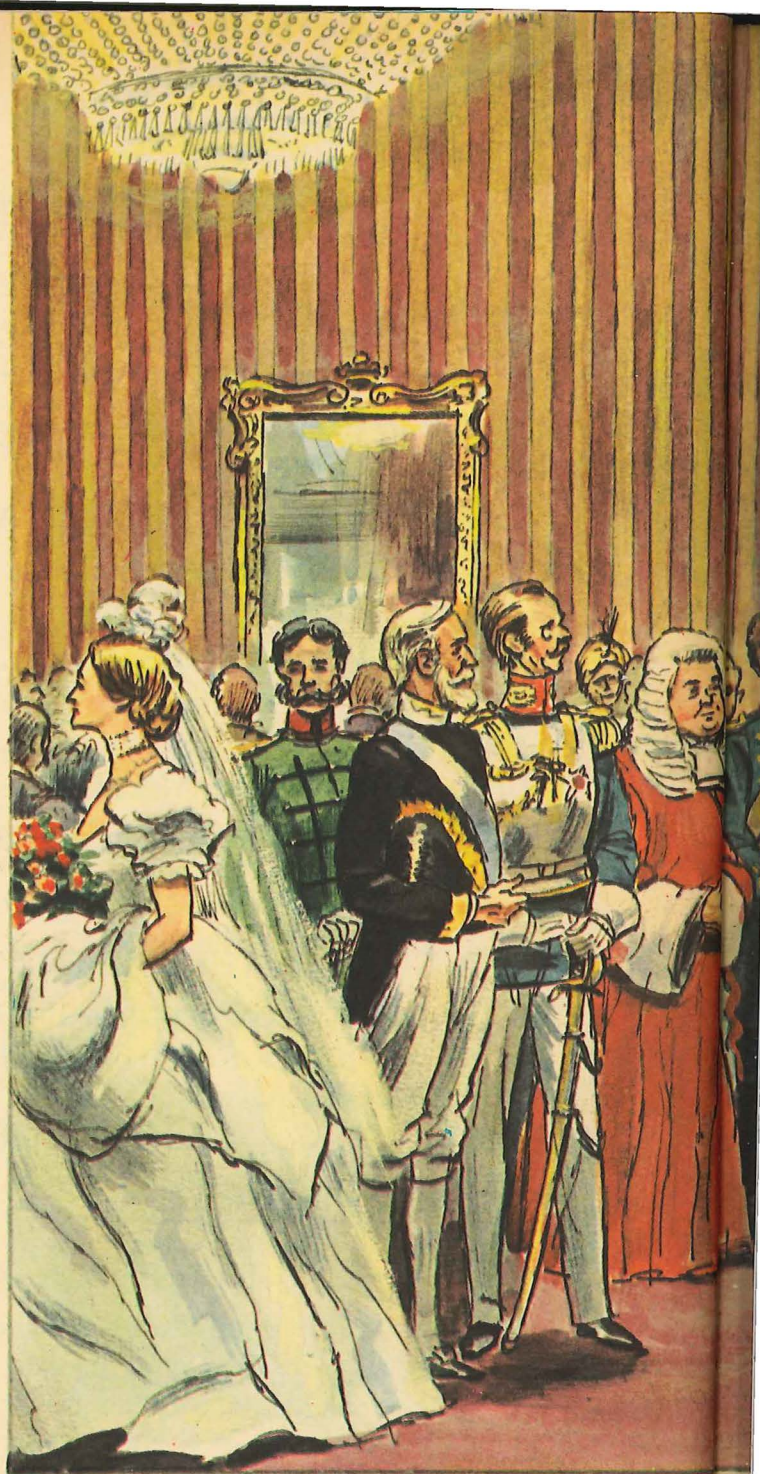
The woman who spoke these words rested her hand briefly on the young man's forehead. She moved on to the next cot.

Throughout the ward, men's eyes followed her progress. For a few moments they forgot their pains and wounds. Just the sight of this woman was enough to lift their spirits.

Who was this welcome lady? How had she come to the barren, dirty, ugly hospital whose walls echoed with the moans of the sick and wounded? Why had she given up a life of comfort, gaiety and high social position to devote herself to the care of the sick?

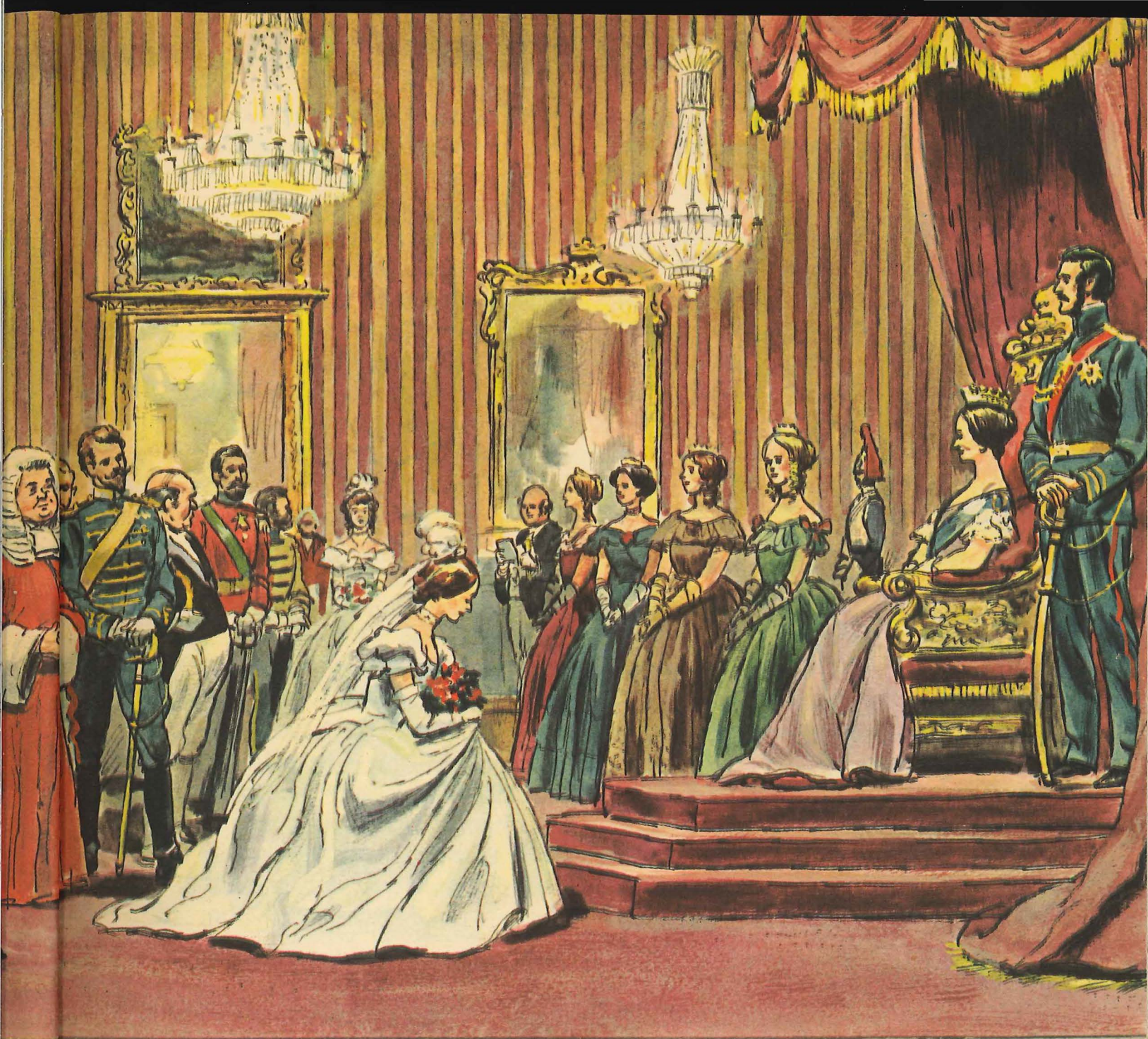
Only a few years before, her life had been an endless round of dances and lively parties, of concerts and operas. All this she had given up to plunge her-

Florence, who was presented at Court to Queen Victoria in 1839, chose a career in nursing instead of the carefree life of a young society girl.



self wholeheartedly into a work of untold hardship and discomfort. The lifework she had chosen was looked down upon by her family, friends, and the society to which she belonged.

Her work in this bleak hospital where she now worked eighteen hours a day was a far cry from the days of her youth, particularly from a day well remembered when she had achieved the pinnacle of social success.



A Meeting With Queen Victoria

Why did Florence
reject the life
of high society?

It was a moment which every young girl in England might have dreamed of. The drawing room of Buckingham Palace glistened with colorful uniforms of noblemen and officers of the Court. The beautiful gowns of lovely ladies stood

out against the rich tapestries and shimmering draperies that lined the huge room.

The Lord High Chamberlain of the Court brought his jeweled staff smartly to the floor.

"Mrs. William Edward Nightingale," he announced, "presents her daughter to your Royal Highness, Queen Victoria."

Florence Nightingale approached the Queen. The short train of her formal gown made a soft swishing sound as she walked forward. Her head was slightly inclined. Three white feathers, called Prince of Wales feathers, waved gently atop her headdress.

In front of the Queen, Florence Nightingale made a deep curtsy. While in this position, she raised her eyes briefly. Queen Victoria smiled. Florence arose and walked backward, taking careful steps, so as not to trip over the train of her gown.

The ceremony of being presented to the Queen was over. Young Florence rejoined her family, and they left the palace together.

"Weren't you simply *thrilled*, Flo?" her mother asked.

Florence was strangely silent and seemed far away in thought.

"My dear girl, could anything have been more lovely or more exciting?"

Florence nodded her head. She didn't want to disappoint her mother. She knew that this was the climax of a long and gay social career for which her mother had worked very hard. Social success, though, was not enough for Florence Nightingale. Weren't there other and more worthy things a young lady could do to serve humanity?

Florence Nightingale had many advantages at her disposal. Her family was wealthy, she was pretty, popular and intelligent, and she had all the beaux a young lady could desire.

From her early childhood, Florence Nightingale had preferred the simple things in her surroundings more than the glittering things. She loved the gardens in which she walked. She loved her riding ponies, her dogs, her cats and her birds. She took constant care of them. She loved her animals, gay and full of life, but she discovered that she was interested most in tending their small ill-



Florence discovered early in life how much she was interested in tending the small sicknesses of her pets.

nesses and injuries. She could bind a wounded cat, clean a cut on a dog, nurse a sick pony or horse and bring the animal back quickly to frolicking health.

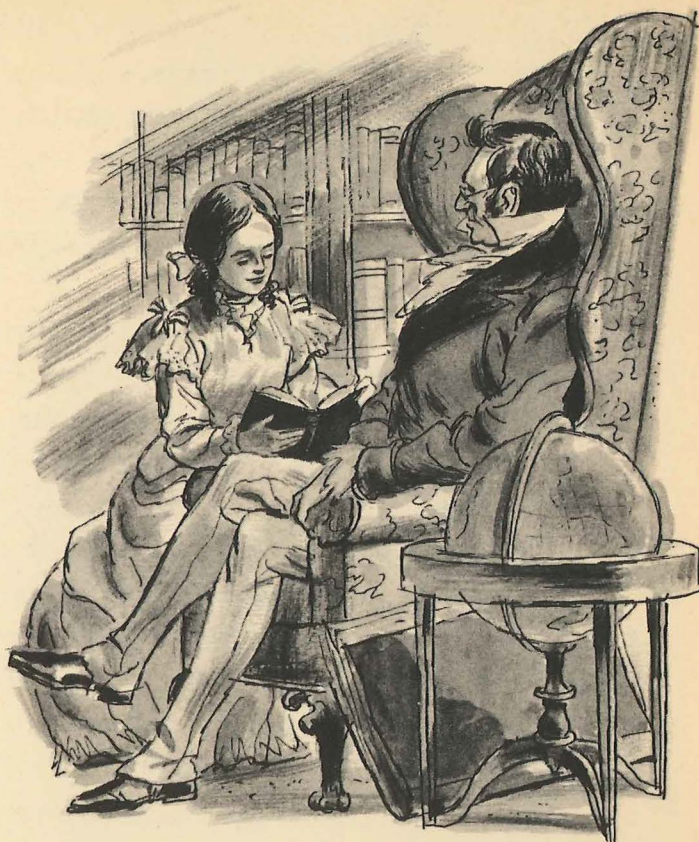
When she was only eleven years old, Florence showed an unusual gift for caring for small babies. Her slender hands were deft and quick as she attended to their wants. A warmth of compassion shone from her face as she tenderly picked up a small child in her arms.

Florence grew into young womanhood in a life that outwardly appeared to be gentle and peaceful. Young girls of her time were content with visits, parties, fine sewing and embroidery. These interests alone were supposed to be sufficient for a full and helpful life. Girls were trained for little else.

Deep within her, Florence knew she was different. She felt a growing, burning need for something more. She became moody. She withdrew more and more from her mother and her sister Parthenope. She was drawn closer to her father.

Florence Nightingale had been born in Florence, Italy, on May 12, 1820. Her mother so loved the city, then the center of European gaiety, that she named her second daughter after it. In those days, Florence was a most unusual name for a girl.

A widening split in the Nightingale family came about because of the daughters' attitude toward their education. Florence's father was a learned man. He tutored his daughters himself, instead of sending them off to some school.



For many hours at a time, Florence sat in her father's study learning Latin, Greek and modern languages.

Parthenope detested long hours in the study, poring over Greek and Latin and mathematics. She much preferred walking in the garden with her mother, arranging flowers, attending parties and flirting with young men.

Florence, to the contrary, loved studying. Hour after hour she sat with her father learning Greek, Latin, French, Italian, history, mathematics and philosophy. She had a sharp, quick mind, and readily retained the lessons she was taught.

When Florence was not quite seventeen years old, she had an experience that was to change the course of her life. It was to start her on a path leading away from her family, even from her father.

The experience came at a time when Florence was most unhappy. Utter boredom with the life she was leading was actually making her miserable and ill. Often she would retire to her room, go to bed, and refuse to join in any of the family's activities.

"I craved," she later wrote in private notes that she kept, "for some regular occupation; for something worth doing instead of frittering time away on useless trifles."

She spent more and more time helping the vicar of her church take care of the sick. This was disturbing to her mother and sister. No young lady of Florence's position should ever do such things!

Florence Nightingale actually recorded the experience that changed her life. The event shaped her thinking and provided the world with the founder of modern nursing.

In her private notes she wrote:

"On February 7, 1837, God spoke to me and called me to His service."

She solemnly believed the words she wrote. She was convinced that she had heard a divine voice outside herself speaking to her in human words.

Immediately, Florence became more withdrawn. She lost all interest in daily goings on. She would go into silent "trance-like" moods lasting for several days at a time.

Her family became worried. "Something must be done," they said. Florence was sick not only in body, they believed, but also in mind.

It was eventually agreed that her cure would be a trip to Europe. A tour of the continent, with visits to beautiful and

gay places, would take Florence out of her depression. She would come back ready and eager to lead the life of a normal girl in her social position — at least they thought so.

William E. Nightingale, more familiarly known as W.E.N., closed the mansion at Embley, England. He designed an elaborate carriage in which they would travel throughout the continent. The four Nightingales would ride in it, as would Mrs. Nightingale's maid, a courier, and the girls' old nurse, Mrs. Gale. The servants would ride on the top. There was also room for the Nightingales to ride on top when they were traveling through especially beautiful scenery.

The spacious carriage was pulled by six horses and ridden by three postilions. These postilions were expert riders who rode on the three "off," or left, horses of the six-horse team.

At first the trip seemed to pull Florence out of her depression. Her moodiness and her brooding disappeared. The family traveled all over Italy, spending weeks in picturesque cities. Gaiety came back to Florence. She went to the opera three times a week. Handsome, dashing young men sought her company at lavish dances and balls which she attended.

From Italy the Nightingales went to Switzerland and France. Then, after eighteen months, the family returned to England. They now thought that their daughter was over her strange ways. Relieved, Mrs. Nightingale bustled about, promoting Florence's social career in British society.

Florence had proved herself to be

In the carriage designed by W.E.N., the Night-
ingales traveled through Switzerland.



a charming person. She was an accomplished and graceful dancer. She had also become a handsome young woman. The chestnut hair of her childhood had become a shining golden red. It was thick, glossy and naturally wavy.

The Nightingales occupied a floor at the Carlton Hotel in London, because alterations were being done inside the Embley mansion. Mrs. Nightingale plunged her daughters into a whirl of social activities, leading up to the honor of being presented to Queen Victoria at Buckingham Palace.

Florence Nightingale was nineteen at the time. The social activities again became boring. Her conscience began troubling her. She told herself it had been two years since God had spoken to her. "Will He not speak to me again?"

she asked herself. She believed she knew the reason why He had not — she had become unworthy. She had taken too much pleasure in the endless round of dances and operas. She must turn away from such pleasures.

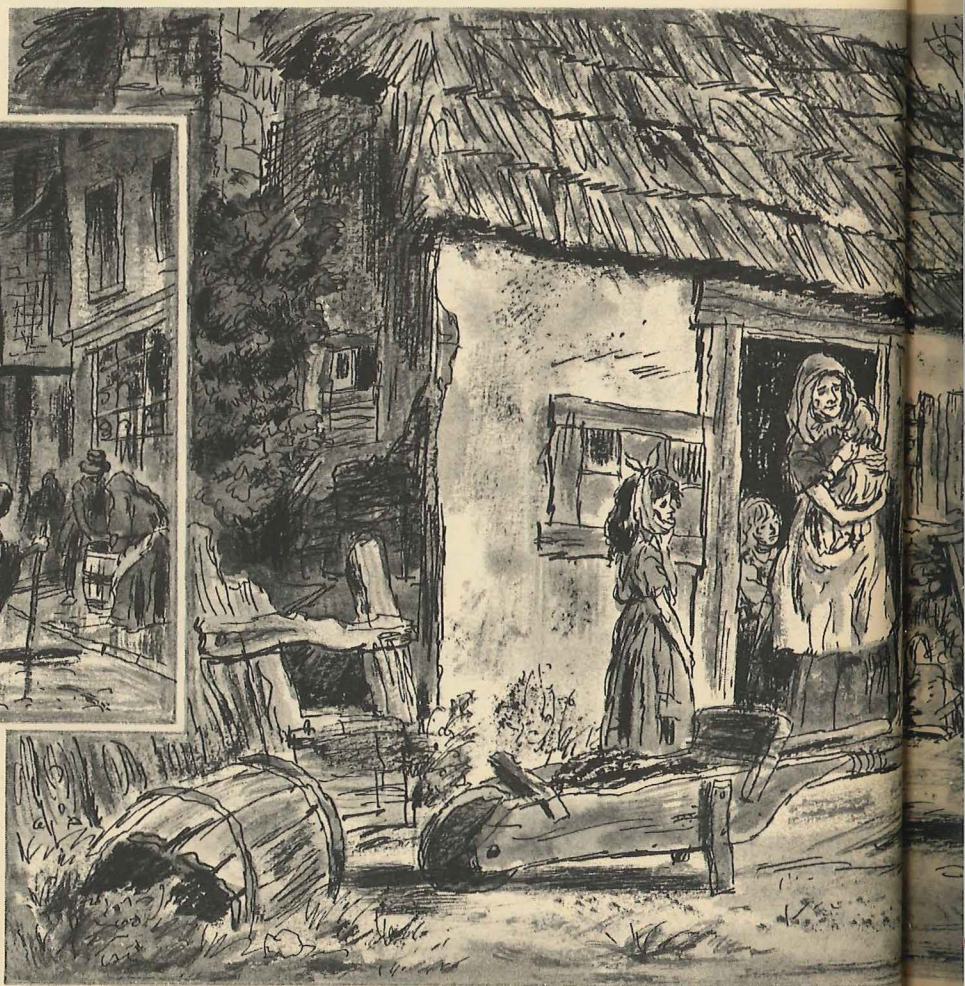
Miss Nightingale wrote in her private notes that to become worthy of God again, she would have to overcome the "desire to shine in society."

With these words, she began a long struggle that was to end with her career as an outstanding nurse and the historic reformer of nursing practices throughout the world. For five years she searched her heart and her thoughts for a way in which she could best serve God. It finally came to her.

Her "call" in life was to nurse the sick and the ailing.



Disease and starvation created a severe problem in London during the 1840's.



Florence spent most of her time visiting the sick and the hungry in the squalid cottages.

How did Florence
prepare for her
life as a nurse?

The Decision to Become a Nurse

Great spiritual relief came to Florence Nightingale. She was twenty-four years old. She now knew, after years of self-struggle, what her career must be. But her greatest battle was just beginning. Nine more long years were to follow before she would be allowed to start nursing.

The battle was between Florence and her family. Her mother and sister raised the greatest protest. Florence lost the sympathy and understanding of her beloved father. Relatives, shocked at the thought of this kind of work for a gently bred young lady, gossiped and clucked.

During the summer of 1841, Richard Monckton Milnes, Lord Houghton,

visited Embley on several occasions. He fell in love with Florence. She, in turn, was very interested in him. Parlor whispers said she would marry this handsome, witty nobleman. "She'll soon forget this nursing nonsense," everyone agreed. Their romance progressed until the year 1842, when Florence's interests again turned to the hungry, the needy and the sick.

England that decade went through what history has recorded as "the hungry forties." Starvation and disease turned the poor of England into scarecrows. Hungry, unemployed people became desperate enough to steal. Prisons and workhouses throughout the island became overcrowded and filthy.

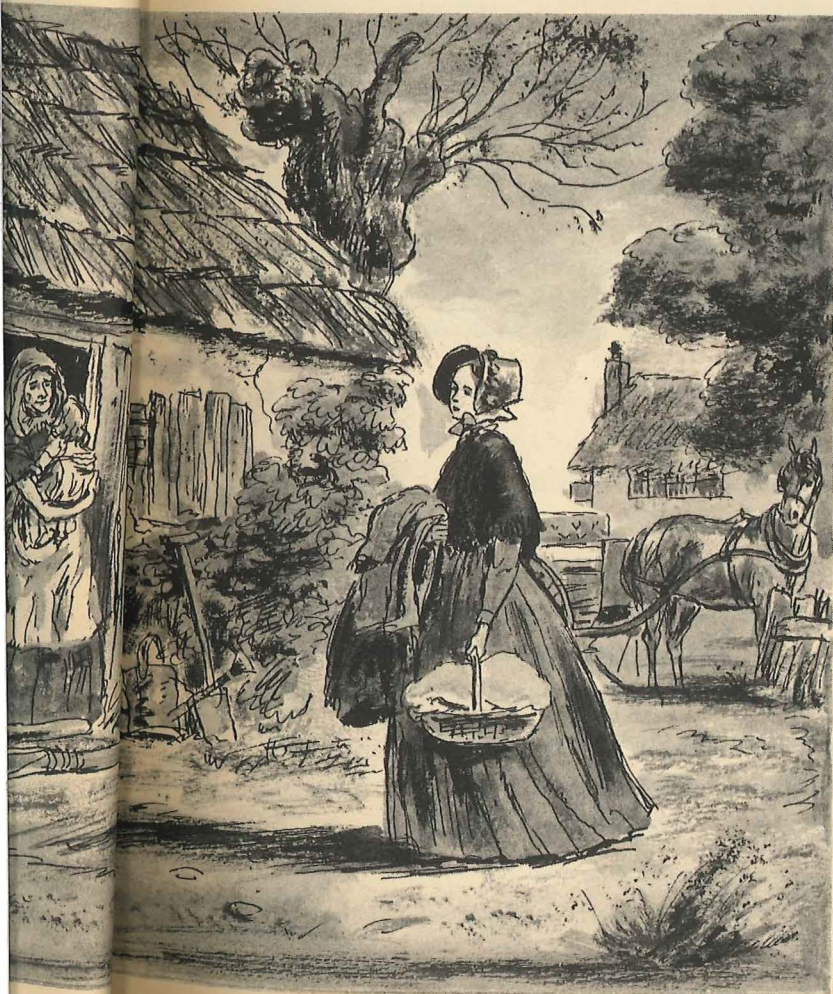
Miss Nightingale wrote in another private note:

"My mind is absorbed with the idea of the suffering of man, it besets me . . . all that poets sing of the glories of this world seems to me untrue. All the people I see are eaten up with care of poverty or disease."

The Nightingale family was staying at their summer home in Lea Hurst. Florence began spending most of her days visiting the sick and the hungry in the squalid cottages of the village. She took them medicines, food, clothing and bedding. She constantly nagged her mother and friends into giving her these supplies for the poor.

Two years later, seven years after her "call," Miss Nightingale realized that her place was in hospitals.

"There never was any vagueness in



my plans or ideas as to what God's work was for me," she wrote.

Until now, she had never mentioned to her family the word "hospital" or her plans to work in hospitals. "Hospital" was a dreadful word. It was a word of horror. Hospitals were little more than morgues. The sick were simply dumped into them. Few of the patients ever left. The hospitals were dirty, vermin- and rat-infested. The bedding was seldom changed. A new patient would be placed in the same unclean bed that a dead patient had just occupied.

The large, bare and gloomy wards were crowded with as many as sixty beds, placed less than two feet apart. A small fire at one end of each ward was the only source of heat. During the winter, the windows were boarded up.

Most of the patients came from slum areas, from filthy cellars where disease flourished. Alcoholic drinks were smuggled in. Patients became frenzied, often attacking one another. Police often had to be called in to end riots among the distraught patients.

In December, 1845, Florence told her family of her plan. The reaction was swift. Mrs. Nightingale was terrified. Sister Parthenope had an onset of hysterics and had to be put to bed.

"Florence only wants to disgrace herself and her family," Mrs. Nightingale cried out, tears streaming from her reddened eyes.

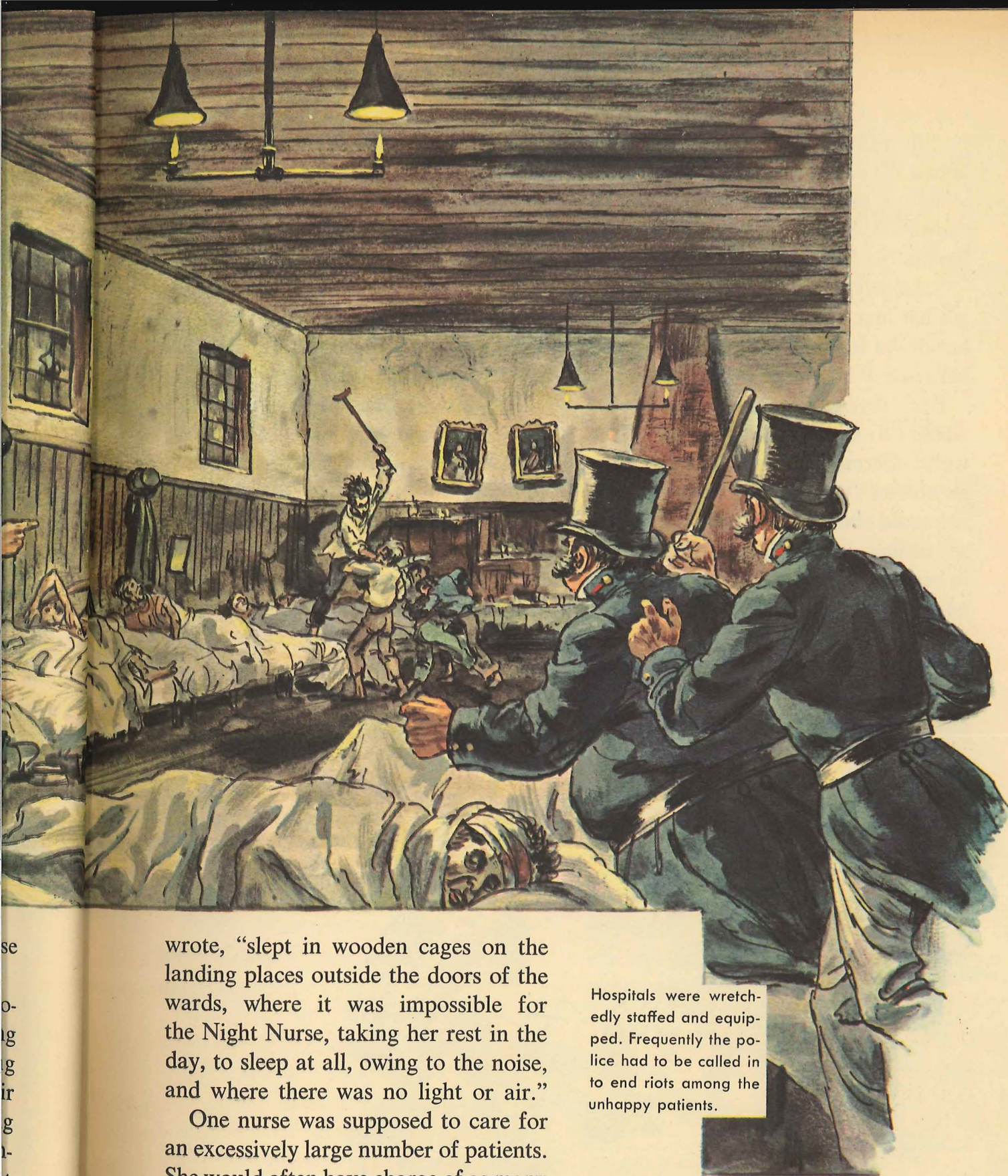
Nurses in those days were thought to be as wretched as the hospitals in which they worked. They were slovenly. They were called drunken scrubwomen. They cared nothing for the patients they were supposed to tend. All they wanted was their meager pay, their meals and their



beds — the beds as unkempt as those of the patients.

None of these "nurses" had any professional training. They knew nothing of administering medicine, keeping charts, or taking temperatures. Their principal function seemed to be to bring ill-cooked, greasy food to patients unable to rise from their beds. If a patient called loudly enough for water, a nurse might, or might not, bring him some, depending on whether it suited her.

"The nurses," Miss Nightingale



wrote, "slept in wooden cages on the landing places outside the doors of the wards, where it was impossible for the Night Nurse, taking her rest in the day, to sleep at all, owing to the noise, and where there was no light or air."

One nurse was supposed to care for an excessively large number of patients. She would often have charge of as many as four wards — nearly two hundred and fifty patients.

It was no wonder that the Nightingales were horror-struck! The wonder

Hospitals were wretchedly staffed and equipped. Frequently the police had to be called in to end riots among the unhappy patients.

was that Florence Nightingale had vowed to dedicate her life to working under such dreadful conditions!

Florence Nightingale was not dis-

couraged. Despite the opposition of her family and of her friends, she went ahead. She even refused to be deterred when her beloved father disclaimed responsibility for the entire affair, and left Embley to live at his London club.

Strangely enough, Miss Nightingale got her first training in nursing because her desire for such a career had caused her sister Parthenope to collapse.

For several years Florence had wanted to go to a hospital in Kaiserswerth, Germany, called the Institute of Protestant Deaconesses. There, she felt, she could obtain the training she needed to become a nurse. But Parthenope lay in her sick bed. Mrs. Nightingale firmly believed it was Florence who had made her own sister ill.

Mrs. Nightingale thereupon decided that Parthenope ought to take a three months' vacation at Carlsbad, a famous

health spa in Czechoslovakia. Florence would accompany her. Florence agreed, on the condition that she be allowed to go on to the Kaiserswerth hospital.

Parthenope was furious. The sisters hardly spoke on the trip from England. In the hotel in Carlsbad, the night before Florence left to enroll at Kaiserswerth, a most argumentative scene took place between the sisters.

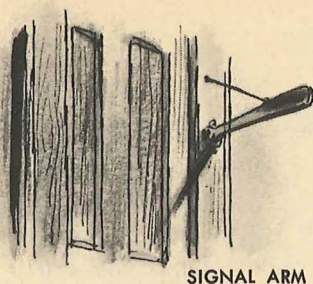
"My sister," Miss Nightingale wrote, "threw my bracelets, which I offered her to wear, in my face, and the scene which followed was so violent that I fainted."

Although her training at Kaiserswerth was scant, Florence was ready to move forward on her return to London. She learned from a friend that there was an opening at a privately supported hospital called "The Institution for the Care of Sick Gentlemen in Distressed Circumstances." It was supported by



A violent quarrel developed between the two sisters the night before Florence left for Kaiserswerth in Germany.

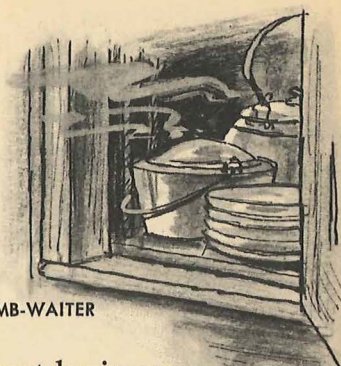
Florence Nightingale, seeing the need for hospital improvements, demanded the installation of the articles that are pictured here.



SIGNAL ARM



BELLS



DUMB-WAITER

women of gentle and noble birth who were not at all in "distressed circumstances," and run by a committee headed by Lady Canning. The Institution needed a superintendent. Florence leaped at the chance and got the job.

The committee and Lady Canning were soon to regret that they had put the Institution in charge of the dedicated Miss Florence Nightingale!

The new job caused Florence to break with her family completely. On August 12, 1853, she moved into the Institution at 1 Harley Street.

Florence immediately took command. She attacked her job in a direct, forthright manner that shocked the committee. The committee was even more shocked at the demands their new superintendent made for improvements.

"Why, what she wants is . . . is, er, revolutionary!" a dazed committee-woman gasped.

Superintendent Nightingale wanted:

— Hot water piped to every floor.

"Unheard of!" cried the committee.

— A "windlass" installation, a dumb-waiter, to hoist the patients' food from the cellar kitchen.

"Why can't the nurses bring it up? They have legs," was the committee's harsh reply.

"Nurses must never be required to

leave their floors. They must be in constant attendance," was Miss Nightingale's stern reply.

Then the most outrageous of all demands:

— Patients' call bells should ring on *every* floor, not just the main floor, and should be placed directly outside the nurses' rooms . . .

"Incredible!"

. . . and further, there should be a signal arm that flies up outside the door of the patient's room and remains up so that the nurse can know quickly which patient is in need.

"Fantastic!"

Fantastic, incredible, unheard-of demands, but Florence Nightingale got every demand she made — and more.

Two years later, the Institution was a model for the hospitals of England. The first chapter in Miss Nightingale's amazing nursing career came to an end.

Her family still refused to forgive her. Mrs. Nightingale spoke bitterly:

"We are ducks who have hatched a wild swan."

But it was no swan they had hatched. As Lytton Strachey wrote, "It was an eagle."

The eagle spread its wings. Florence Nightingale was ready for the greatest adventure of her life.

Why did Florence
decide to go to
the battle area?

War in the Crimea

Great Britain was swept by the fever of war once more. It was March, 1854. The British and the French declared war on Russia. The Russians desperately needed a passage from the Black Sea to the warm-water ports of the Mediterranean. They built a great naval base at Sevastopol on the Crimean Peninsula, which extends into the Black Sea. From this base, they planned to capture Constantinople (now Istanbul) in Turkey. If they held Constantinople, then they could sail out into the Mediterranean and challenge Great Britain's rule of the seas.

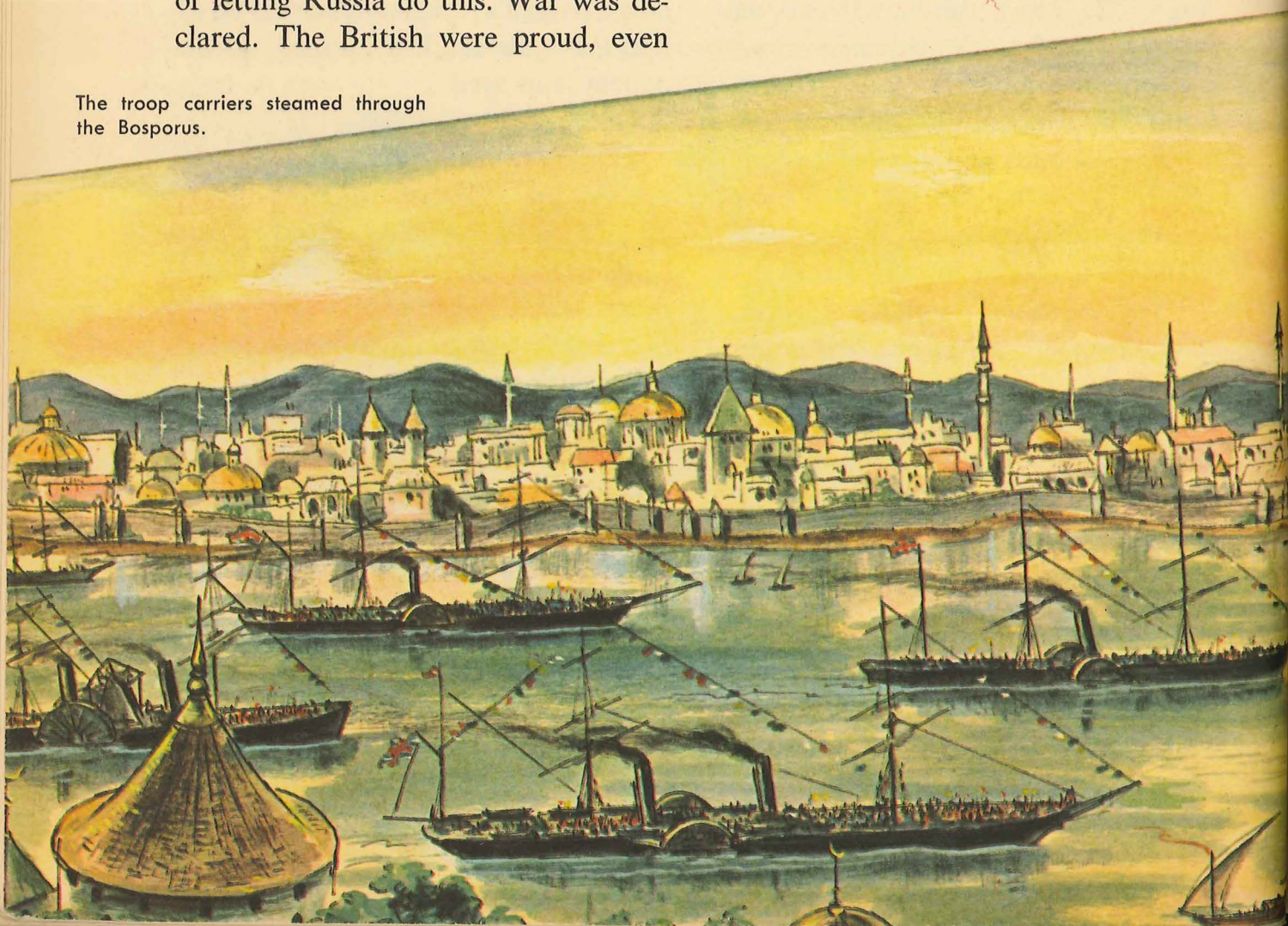
England and France had no intention of letting Russia do this. War was declared. The British were proud, even

gay, about this war. Their mighty power had been tested at Waterloo. If they could beat the great Napoleon, they could easily defeat the Russian Bear with a fast thrust into the Crimea. They would help Turkey defend Constantinople and hurl back the Russian challenge.

There were cheers as the British fleet departed for the Near East. The troops were dressed in their best and most colorful uniforms. Among them were the Ninth Lancers of Lord Cardigan's Light Brigade, immortalized by the poet Alfred, Lord Tennyson in "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

The troop carriers steamed through the Strait of Bosphorus, passed Constantinople with flags flying and bands

The troop carriers steamed through the Bosphorus.





Battlefield at Alma.

playing. They would land at Varna in Bulgaria on the west coast of the Black Sea and prepare for a fast strike at Sevastopol.

At Varna it was discovered that there were not enough transports to take the Army and its equipment across the Black Sea. What was there to do?

"Leave the equipment behind," came the order, "especially medical and hospital supplies. We won't need them."

Thirty thousand men were crowded into ships intended to hold half that number. They landed at the sinisterly named Calamita Bay. They would strike north through Balaklava to Sevastopol.

Dr. Alexander, Staff Surgeon of the Light Division, watched the debarkation.

"This is terrible!" he exclaimed. "They have sent us an army without

any kind of hospital transport, litters, carts or anything!"

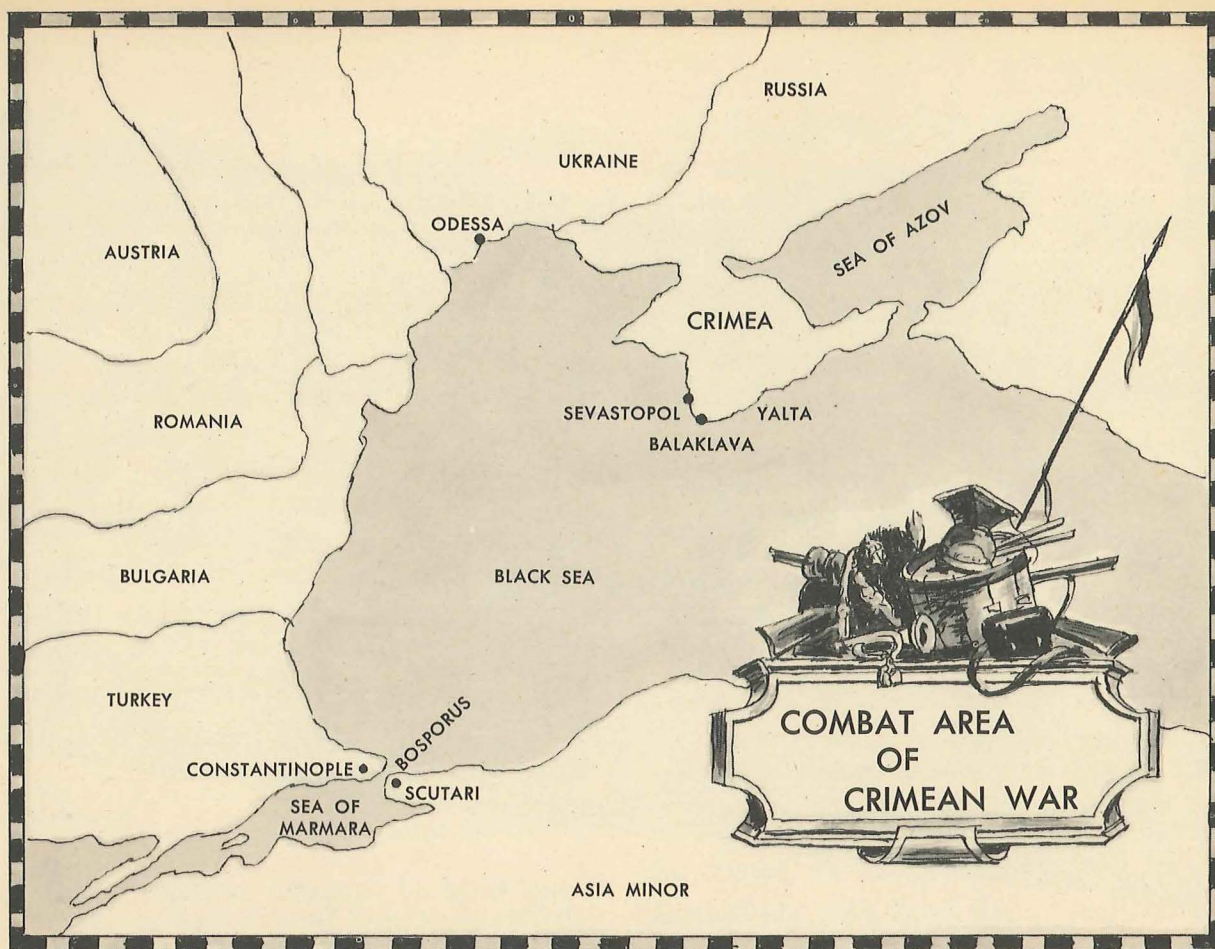
Cholera struck. One thousand victims of the dread disease had to be sent back to Scutari, a British base across the Bosphorus from Constantinople.

In their first major battle with the Russians at Alma, the British Guards — flower of the Army, resplendent in their colorful uniforms — were slashed and cut to bits.

Wounded and dying lay on the field of battle. There were no bandages, no splints, and no anesthetics. Amputations were performed right on the battlefield. There were no candles or lamps. Surgeons worked by moonlight. Cholera still raged. Another thousand cholera patients, along with hundreds of wounded men, had to be sent to Scutari.

The British public knew nothing of these conditions. They felt sure their brave troops were all-conquering.





The Crimea is a peninsula that extends into the Black Sea.

The *London Times* finally reported the news of the disaster. It thundered out the story in the words of William Howard Russell, the first war correspondent in history.

"It is with feelings of surprise and anger," Russell wrote, "that the public will learn that no sufficient preparations have been made for the care of the wounded. Not only are there not sufficient surgeons, not only are there no dressers and nurses, there is not even linen to make bandages. There is no preparation for the commonest surgical operations! Not only are there men kept, in some cases for a week, without the hand of a medical man coming near their wounds, but now it is found that the commonest appliances of a workhouse sick ward are wanting, and

that the men must die through the medical staff of the British Army having forgotten that old rags are necessary for the dressing of wounds. The manner in which the sick and wounded are treated is worthy only of savages."

These words stunned and shocked the British public.

Florence Nightingale read them. She also read that the French took much better care of their wounded.

"The French medical arrangements are extremely good, their surgeons more numerous, and they also have the help of the Sisters of Charity. These devoted women are excellent nurses."

A letter in the *London Times* the next day angrily inquired:

"Why have we no Sisters of Charity for our troops?"

Miss Nightingale was spurred to action. She knew where her great duty lay. The Institution for the Care of Sick Gentlewomen in Distressed Circumstances would have to do without her.

The British Army at that time had no female nurses. But Florence Nightingale meant to change all that.

She organized a small group of nurses willing to go to Scutari. She did this without saying anything about it to the Government. Then she wrote a letter to the wife of the Secretary of War, Sidney Herbert, Lord Herbert of Lea. She was a good friend of both Lord and Lady Herbert. But since her friend Sidney was under such severe criticism because of the care of the wounded in the Crimea, she did not want to add to his burden. So she wrote her friend Lady Herbert:

"A small private expedition of nurses has been organized for Scutari and I have been asked to command it. I believe we may be of use to the poor wounded wretches. What does Mr. Herbert think of the scheme itself? Does he think it would be objected to by the authorities? Would he give us any advice or letters of recommendation? And are there any stores for the Hospital he would advise us to take out?"

Miss Nightingale ended her plea to be of assistance by asking Lady Herbert to write to Lady Stratford de Redcliffe. Lady Stratford was the wife of Britain's former Ambassador to Constantinople. Lord Stratford still had tremendous influence in Turkey. Miss Nightingale wanted Mrs. Herbert to write Lady Stratford and assure her that she, Florence Nightingale, was "not a Lady but a real Hospital Nurse," with experience.

Miss Nightingale's letter was on the way to Lord Herbert. At the same time, Lord Herbert had written Miss Nightingale. Their letters crossed. Lord Herbert wrote:

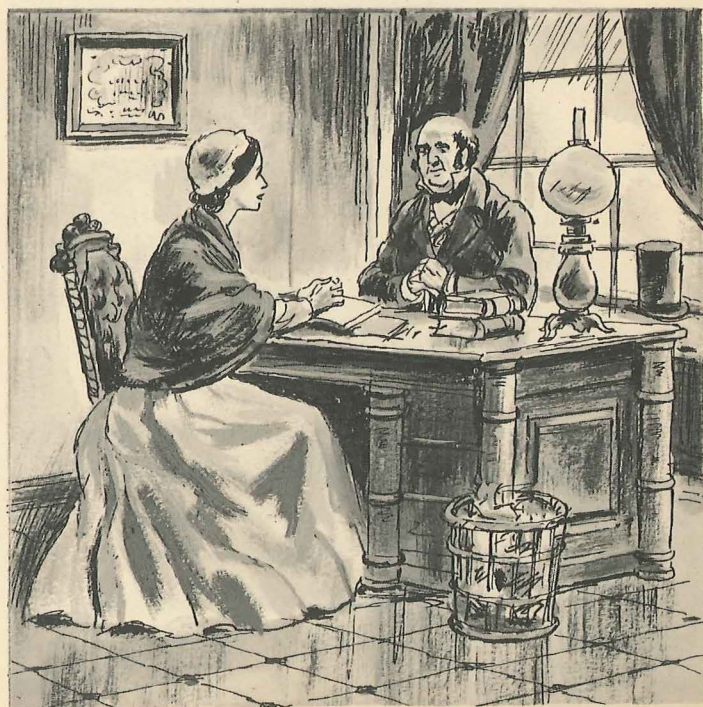
"You will have seen in the papers that there is a great deficiency of nurses at the Hospital at Scutari . . . I receive numbers of offers from ladies to go out, but they are ladies who have no conception of what an hospital is, nor of the nature of its duties . . .

"There is but one person in England that I know of who would be capable of organizing and superintending such a scheme; and I have been several times at the point of asking you to direct it . . .

"I know you will come to a wise decision. God grant it may be in accordance with my hopes!"

Lord Herbert received Miss Nightingale's letter before she had a chance to answer his. He made his way at once to call on her at the Harley Street hospital. He was overwhelmed with de-

A meeting took place between Florence and Lord Herbert at the Harley Street hospital.



light that she was willing to undertake such a task. He was further gratified that she had already organized a small group of nurses to go to Scutari.

"I know it will be difficult to find women equal to this work," he told Florence. "But I think you should try to select at least forty to take with you."

"Forty!" Florence exclaimed. "It will be hard to find even twenty women of sufficient courage, energy and knowledge to be good nurses. I doubt if I could control a number larger than that."

"Of course you can," Lord Herbert assured her. "And, my dear Florence, you must always remember that all England will be watching you and your nurses. This will be the first time that women will have been employed as army nurses. If the experiment succeeds, never again will nurses be despised, and you will have advanced the cause of nursing immeasurably."

This last argument of Lord Herbert's was the one that did the most to convince Miss Nightingale. She wanted to do anything that would raise nursing to a level acceptable to society. She had dreams that some day it would become recognized as a profession.

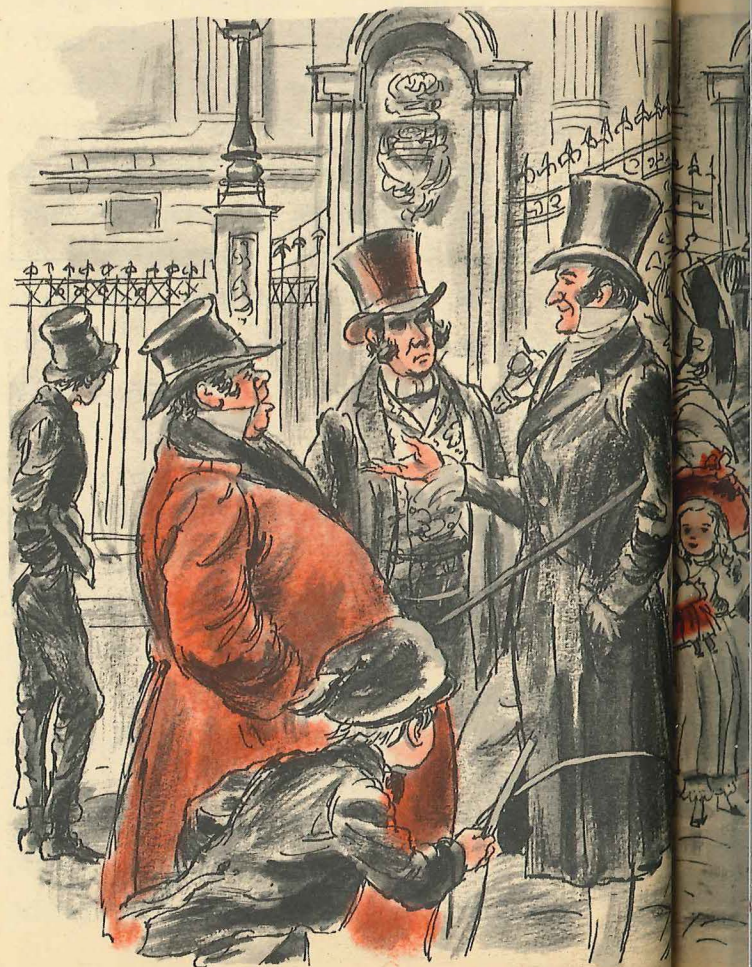
Miss Nightingale's nomination was placed before the British Cabinet. She was unanimously confirmed. She was amused at the length of her title. It was: "Superintendent of the Female Nursing Establishment of the English Hospitals in Turkey."

When word of her appointment spread throughout London, the city buzzed with excitement. Her name was on the lips of everyone, from Queen Victoria in Buckingham Palace to her

own cook in Harley Street. Never before in history had a woman received such an important appointment from her Government.

Miss Nightingale paid little attention to the sensation her appointment created. She was much too busy. Less than a week after it was announced, she had added to her original group. The mission she headed numbered thirty-eight. Fifteen of the nurses were nuns, fifteen Anglican sisters. The others were nurses who had worked with her in Harley Street.

News of the Florence Nightingale appointment reached Embley in due time. Her sister and her mother were elated. They forgot that it was their own violent opposition to Florence's career that had nearly driven her insane. Parthenope was ecstatic with excitement.



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One would have thought she had personally persuaded her sister to choose a nursing career. To a friend she wrote:

"It is a great and noble work. One cannot but believe that she was intended for it. None of her previous life has been wasted. Her experience all tells, all the gathered stores of so many years, her Kaiserswerth, her travels, her search into the hospital question, her knowledge of so many different minds and classes..."

Mrs. Nightingale and Parthenope rushed to London to see Florence. It was the first time they had visited her since she had moved to Harley Street, two years before.

Florence received them calmly. Parthenope was in tears, as usual. No tears came from Florence until she was told that her favorite pet had died.



Florence, reading the letter of appointment, was amused at the length of her title.

Years before, on one of her trips to Italy, Florence had been given an owl. It became her favorite animal. She named it Athena.

"Dear Sister Flo," Parthenope burst out, "Athena is dead!"

Tears came to Miss Nightingale.

"Poor little beastie," she cried softly. "It was odd how much I loved you."

This was the only emotion she showed during the brief visit she had with her mother and sister.

Florence received one other visitor before she left for the Crimea. During her years at the Harley Street hospital, she had continued to see Richard Monckton Milnes, Lord Houghton. Their meetings had been regular, but not so frequent as they had been when they first met.

Lord Houghton would be put off no longer. He insisted upon an answer. Was she, or was she not, going to marry him? Florence Nightingale was deeply moved by his proposal. But she declined and thus said farewell forever to "the man I adored."



When her appointment became known in London, joyful citizens crowded the gates of Buckingham Palace.

Flo and her "birds" received a tremendous reception from the French.



What were the hospital conditions at Scutari and at Balaklava?

Life at Scutari and Balaklava

Early on a Saturday morning, October 21, 1854, Miss Nightingale and her thirty-eight "birds," as newspapers nicknamed them, set out from London. They crossed the English Channel and reached Boulogne in France by nightfall.

Florence and her nurses received a tremendous reception from the French people. French women whose brothers, sons or husbands were in the Crimea, met them at the dock. Word of Miss Nightingale's brave mission had preceded her. The French women seized the British nurses' luggage and car-

ried it to the nearby hotel where the party was staying. The streets en route were lined with cheering people.

The same kind of reception greeted the nurses in Paris and in Marseilles, the port from which the English nurses would sail for the Crimea.

While in Marseilles, Miss Nightingale, at her own expense, purchased large quantities of medical supplies and other stores.

The party sailed aboard the *Vectis* on October 27, less than two weeks from the date when Florence Nightingale had been named to command the expedition.

The *Vectis* was a dreadful ship. Cockroaches as big as mice raced all over the ceilings, walls and floors of the staterooms. It was known as the most uncomfortable ship on the mail run from Marseilles to Malta. When the British Government had chartered it for the trip to Constantinople, they had had trouble finding sailors willing to sign on.

Miss Nightingale was a very poor sailor. The second day out, a gale hit the *Vectis* with great force. The galley and the steward's cabin were washed overboard in the high-running seas, and the ship's guns had to be jettisoned. Nurse Florence took to her bed. She was deathly seasick during the entire trip.

Bad weather hounded the *Vectis* all the way out. It was a week of utter misery for Miss Nightingale as the ship bounced and pounded its way across the Mediterranean, up through

the Sea of Greece, the Aegean Sea, and across the Sea of Marmora, "blustering, storming, shrieking," as Miss Nightingale later wrote. The *Vectis* finally dropped anchor at Seraglio Point off Constantinople.

Miss Nightingale, sick and exhausted from the trip, still lay on the sofa in her cabin when she was formally greeted by Lord Napier, Secretary of the British Embassy at Constantinople. Years later,



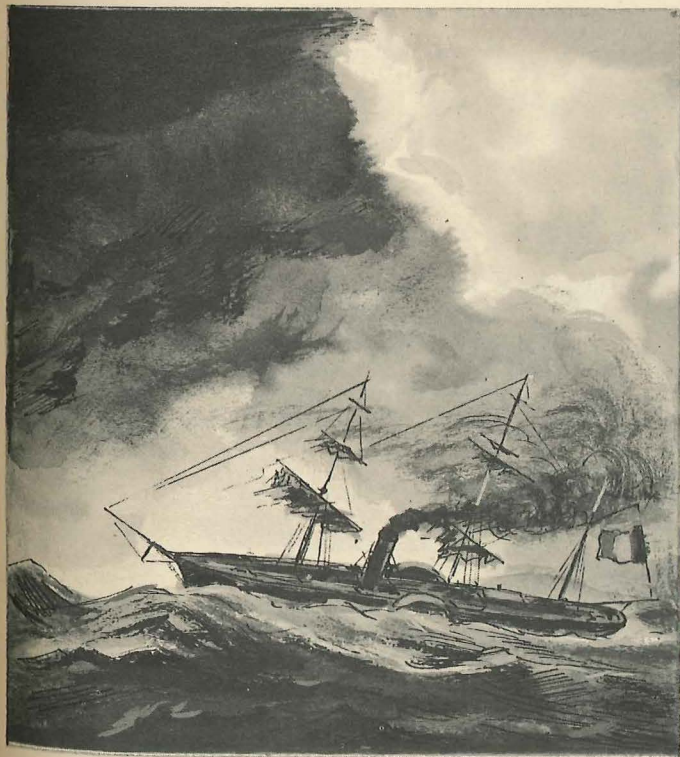
Lord Napier found Florence still sick from her voyage.

Lord Napier recalled the meeting in these words:

"I was sent to salute and welcome you on your first arrival at Scutari. I found you stretched on the sofa where I believe you never lay down again. I thought *then* it would be a great happiness to serve you."

Miss Nightingale's nurses were eager to get to work at once.

"Oh, Miss Nightingale," one of the nurses said, "when we land, please see



The *Vectis*, a miserable ship, was hit by a storm.

The nervous nurses uttered cries of dismay as the narrow caïques, heeling and dipping, slowly crossed the choppy Bosphorus.



to it that there are no delays. We must get right at nursing those poor fellows."

The wounded from Balaklava, where the Light Brigade had been cut to shreds, were due to arrive any day. The nurses were to go to the hospital across the Bosphorus at Scutari at once. Small, gondola-type boats, called caïques, were to ferry the party across. The nurses stepped cautiously into these brightly painted caïques. They settled themselves, their carpetbags at their feet, and held on nervously to their upraised umbrellas.

Native boatmen grinned broadly when the nervous nurses uttered cries and shrieks of dismay as the narrow caïques heeled and dipped while they slowly crossed the white-capped Bosphorus.

Miss Nightingale was in the lead boat.

The light rain ceased as her caïque neared the shoreline. The clouds parted momentarily, and sunshine lighted the scene ahead. What a scene it was!

Florence Nightingale hadn't expected anything so bad as this! Back in London she had been told that an adequate general hospital was attached to the huge barracks that the Turkish Government had turned over to the English. What she saw, instead, was a grim, gray, ugly building, its paint peeling and its windows broken, surrounded by a field of mud.

Her dismay increased as the caïques docked at a rickety landing stage. Some lamed soldiers, their ragged clothing drooping from their gaunt bodies, struggled through the mud, helping one another up the steep slope leading to Barracks Hospital.

The nurses lifted their skirts, stepped from the dock's broken planking, and gasped as they sank into the mud up to the calves of their legs. Bravely they slogged through the mud to the arched gateway of Barracks Hospital. Miss Nightingale later wrote that the arched gateway should have borne the famous words written by the poet Dante — his inscription for the portals of Hell — "All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

Once through the portals of the hospital, Miss Nightingale realized the enormity of the job she had undertaken. Wounded, weeping, pain-wracked men lay on the dirty floors of the hospital.

Soldiers in ragged clothing struggled through the mud, helping one another up the steps of the hospital. To Florence and her nurses, the hospital was a scene of complete despair.

There were no beds. Men were wrapped in blood-saturated blankets. They had had no attention since being lifted from the battlefield of Balaklava. There weren't enough doctors. Some of the wounded men had gone for days without water. All had been without food. There was no kitchen in the hospital. There were no chairs or tables.





Hundreds of despairing men lay in long rows on the filthy floors. Some of them prayed for death to end their agonies.

Miss Nightingale expected, of course, that the doctors of the hospital would be waiting eagerly to greet her. There was no one in the small anteroom immediately inside the door. Miss Nightingale's assistants hovered around her, like chicks seeking the protection of a mother hen. The only greeting was the groaning of the wounded.

A weaker person than Miss Nightingale would have given up then and there. But not Florence Nightingale, the determined young lady who had decided that the wounded would be provided with adequate nursing. She left the Barracks Hospital and trudged through the mud to the General Hospital.

Her reception there was cold. The doctors had heard that women nurses were being sent and this news was something less than welcome. Understaffed, overworked, they were now obliged to put up with a "society lady" and a pack of female nurses. They did know, though, that she had the backing of powerful people in London. She was a close friend of Lord Sidney Herbert,

Secretary of War. They had to accept Miss Nightingale, but they did so reluctantly.

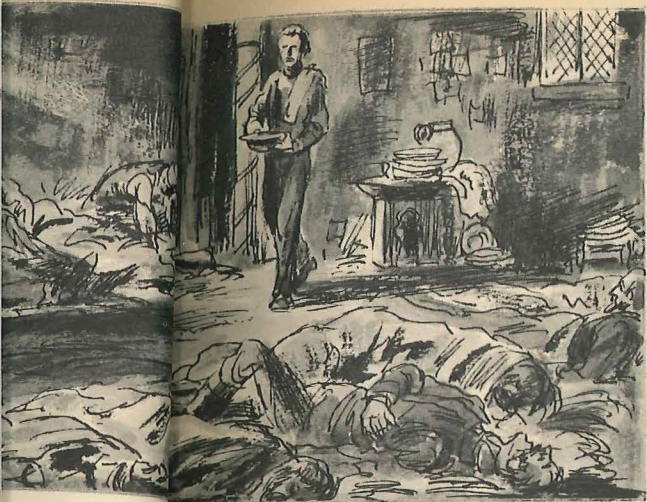
An orderly was ordered to show Miss Nightingale the living quarters for her party. Back through the mud the two went, the orderly mumbling as he walked ahead.

"Here's yer rooms, Mum," the orderly muttered, touching his dirty cap in a mock salute. Then he left.

Miss Nightingale inspected the rooms, her anger mounting. There were five small rooms, and an even smaller kitchen. She would have to crowd all of her women into those rooms. They would have to sleep in them, eat in them, and live in them.

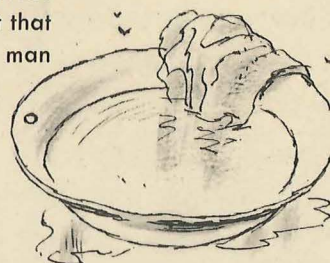
Ten nuns were given one room. Fourteen nurses were to share another. The cook, Mrs. Clark, and her assistant would sleep in the kitchen. Miss Nightingale and her assistant, Mrs. Bracebridge, would sleep in the closet of the room she would use for her office. The other nurses would sleep in a room upstairs.

Up the stairs they marched. Down the stairs they rushed — screaming. The room was already occupied — by the dead body of a Russian general!



Inside Barracks Hospital, hundreds of hopeless wounded men lay in long rows on the bare floors.

A small tin basin was the only piece of equipment that a wounded man was given.



Back to General Hospital marched a grim "society lady." Her features were stern. She demanded, and got, two orderlies assigned permanently to her. They set to work at once to make the upstairs rooms more livable.

The nurses' quarters had no furniture. There were no beds. That first night, the nurses slept on Turkish "divans" — raised wooden platforms running along the sides of a room. The Turks placed bedding on them when bedding was available. But there was no bedding. That first night, Miss Nightingale and her nurses — exhausted, upset, frightened, dismayed over the task ahead of them — slept on the hard wooden platforms.

Living conditions for Miss Nightingale and her nurses were intolerable and continued to be so. Water was scarce. Each member of the party was limited to one pint a day. It had to be used for washing, for drinking, and for making tea. The only equipment furnished was small tin basins which had to be used for everything — eating, drinking and washing.

The doctors continued to treat Miss Nightingale coldly. They wanted no part of this society lady who had sipped tea



The frightened nurses found that the room was already "occupied" by a dead Russian general.

with Cabinet ministers. They wanted no part of the *London Times* fund, either. The fund had been raised by the *Times* to be used for care of the wounded. It was placed at Miss Nightingale's disposal.

Army doctors refused absolutely to accept the use of this fund. To do so, they reasoned, they would be accepting money from a source whose daily headlines thundered criticism at the Army. They would accept no help from civil-

ians, either — meaning Miss Nightingale and her nurses. To do that would be to accept defeat. They would simply ignore this woman.

Miss Nightingale fought fire with fire. She refused to offer her services. She refused to do anything on her own initiative, or permit her nurses to offer help, despite the increasing number of wounded pouring in daily and the rising wails from sick and injured in the hospital.

It was a difficult decision for Miss Nightingale to make. The services of her nurses were greatly needed and the need was growing daily. Her heart and the hearts of her nurses ached as they listened to the moans of the sick, the wounded, and the dying.

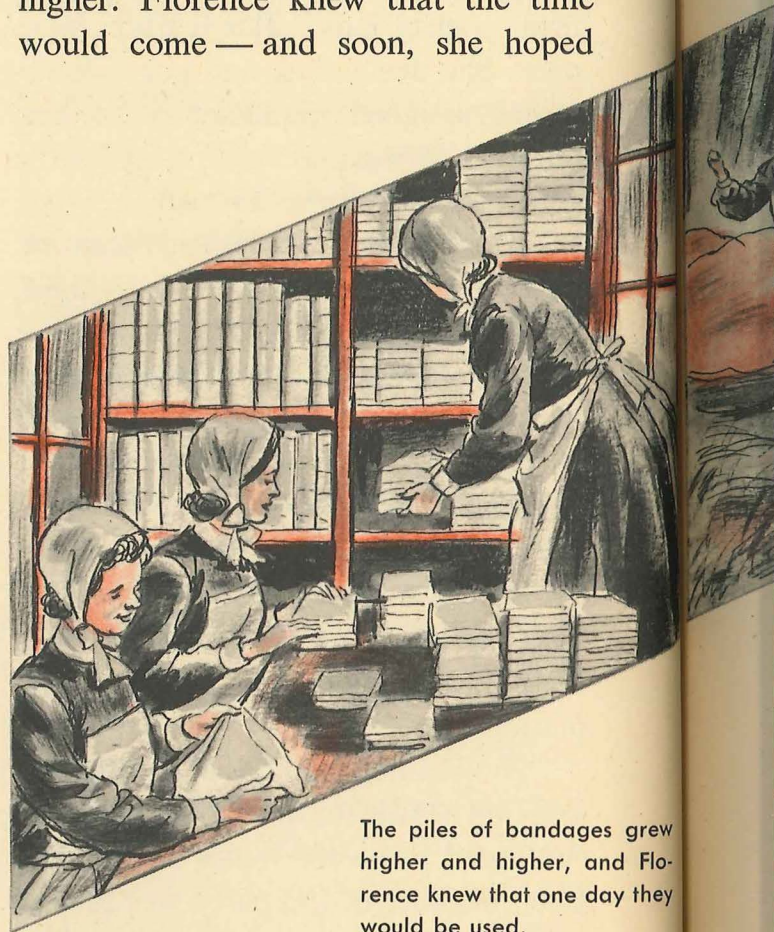
But Miss Nightingale knew that she could accomplish nothing until she gained the confidence of the doctors. By not acting of her own accord, she could show the doctors that she and her nurses were not interfering busybodies. Playing this waiting game, she would dem-

onstrate that her party wanted only to be under authority of the doctors.

How Florence's heart ached as she forced herself to sit idly by, surrounded by suffering men — men she had come to help!

The nurses protested. This was not why they had come to the Crimea. Miss Nightingale remained firm. She directed her nurses to wash and roll bandages. The pile of bandages grew higher and higher. Florence knew that the time would come — and soon, she hoped

The number of wounded increased daily.



The piles of bandages grew higher and higher, and Florence knew that one day they would be used.

with all her heart — when those bandages would be put to good use. But that would not be until a doctor requested their use, and by her own nurses! No nurse was to enter a ward, no nurse was to aid a wounded soldier, until a doctor directed her to do so.

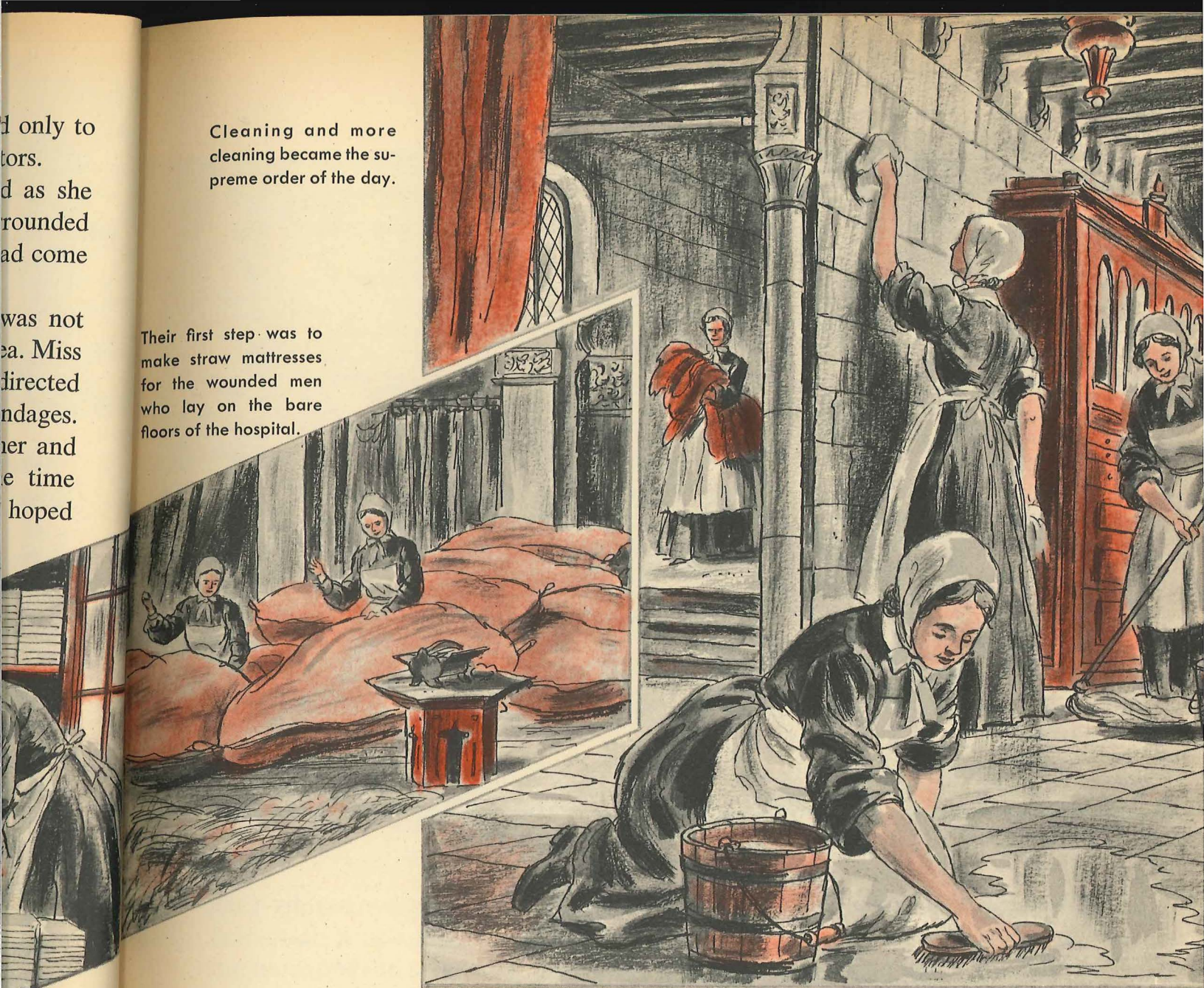
A full week passed and still the Army

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doctors declined the assistance of the civilian nurses. But then a change came quickly. The British Army was being destroyed. The wounded from the battlefields on the heights of Sevastopol began pouring into Scutari. The overworked doctors desperately turned to Miss Nightingale for her help.

Florence Nightingale had at last achieved her first goal — recognition for herself and her nurses.

The thirty-eight nurses and their leader now went into action. Their first

step was to seam up huge bags filled with straw. Wounded men were lifted from the hospital floors and placed on these straw beds, giving them some degree of comfort.

Next came the biggest and most difficult task. The stench in the hospital had become so great that it could be smelled outside the building.

“Clean up! Clean up! Clean up!”

Miss Nightingale hammered this phrase at her nurses and at the orderlies assigned to her. She knew that no im-

The orderlies cooked huge chunks of meat in pots of water, tagging the meat with nails, surgical instruments and other objects. The unusual tags were used to distinguish one chunk of meat from another.



provement could come until the filth was removed.

While the clean-up job was in progress, Miss Nightingale turned her attention to the food and the cooking facilities. The orderlies who cooked meat for the sick and wounded did this by tossing huge chunks of meat into pots of hot water. To distinguish which chunk of meat was to be given to which group of men, buttons, old nails, dirty surgical scissors, pieces of uniform or just plain rags were tied onto the meat. The water in the pots rarely boiled. After a certain period of time, done or not, the meat was taken out and distributed to the patients.

It was a bad diet for healthy men; for sick men it was almost death-dealing. Men became so ill they could not eat. This pleased the orderlies. They then had more meat for themselves.

From Miss Nightingale's kitchen there began coming broths — arrow-root, wine, and beef essences. These were cooked on the portable stoves she had purchased with her own money in Marseilles.

By early December, Miss Nightingale was able to write her first cheerful letter to the Secretary of War, Lord Herbert.

"What may be considered as effected:

1. The kitchen for extra diets now in full action.



After Florence and her staff of nurses had taken over, broths, arrowroot wine and beef essences were cooked on the portable stoves that Florence had purchased in Marseille, France with her own money.



2. A great deal more cleaning of wards; mops, scrubbing brushes and brooms given by ourselves.
3. 2000 shirts, cotton and flannel, given out and washing organized.
4. A great amount of daily dressings and attention to compound fractures by the most competent of us.
5. The repairing of wards for 800 wounded which would otherwise have been left uninhabitable. I regard this as the most important."

Her next letter to Lord Herbert was anything but cheerful. It was ablaze

with her anger. Miss Nightingale had learned through a letter from a friend that forty more nurses, directed by Mary Stanley, one-time friend of Miss Nightingale, were on their way to Scutari. Florence had not been notified personally that a new group of nurses was bound for Scutari. No one had asked her if she needed more nurses. Most outrageous of all, to Miss Nightingale, was that the new nurses would not be assigned to her, but put under the direction of Dr. Cumming.

Miss Nightingale had been passed over, and publicly so. One newspaper writer said that the Nightingale dynasty was coming to a close.

Was this to be the end to all the dreams Florence Nightingale had tried to turn into realities? All her life, it seemed, she was to be frustrated in her hopes and plans. First, her family and now officialdom seemed to be turned against her.

But Florence was not going to take this official slap meekly. To Lord Herbert she wrote:

"When I came out here as your Superintendent, it was with the distinct understanding (expressed both in your handwriting and in the printed announcement which you put in the *Morning Chronicle*) that nurses were to be sent out at my requisition only. You came to me in great distress and told me you were unable for the moment to find any other person for the office and that, if I failed you, the scheme would fail.

"I have toiled my way into the confidence of the medical men. I have, by incessant vigilance, day and night, introduced something like order into the operations of these women. And the plan may be said to have succeeded in some measure, *as it stands* . . .

"At this point of affairs arrives at *no one's* requisition, a fresh batch of women, raising our number to eighty-four.

"You have sacrificed the cause, so near my heart. You have sacrificed me — a matter of small importance now — you have sacrificed your own written word to a popular cry . . .

"The quartering of the new women *here* is a physical impossibility, the employing them a moral impossibility."

Lord Herbert had approved the sending of new nurses because the people in England were clamoring for more and

better care for wounded British soldiers. Neither Lord Herbert nor the public knew the problems facing Miss Nightingale. There simply wasn't room for the nurses. Miss Nightingale and her group were still living in the five small rooms assigned them. Increasing the number of nurses to eighty-four placed an additional administrative burden on the already overloaded work schedule of the doctors. Although Miss Nightingale would not have direct supervision of the new nurses, she would have to make arrangements for their bed and board, and be responsible for their behavior.

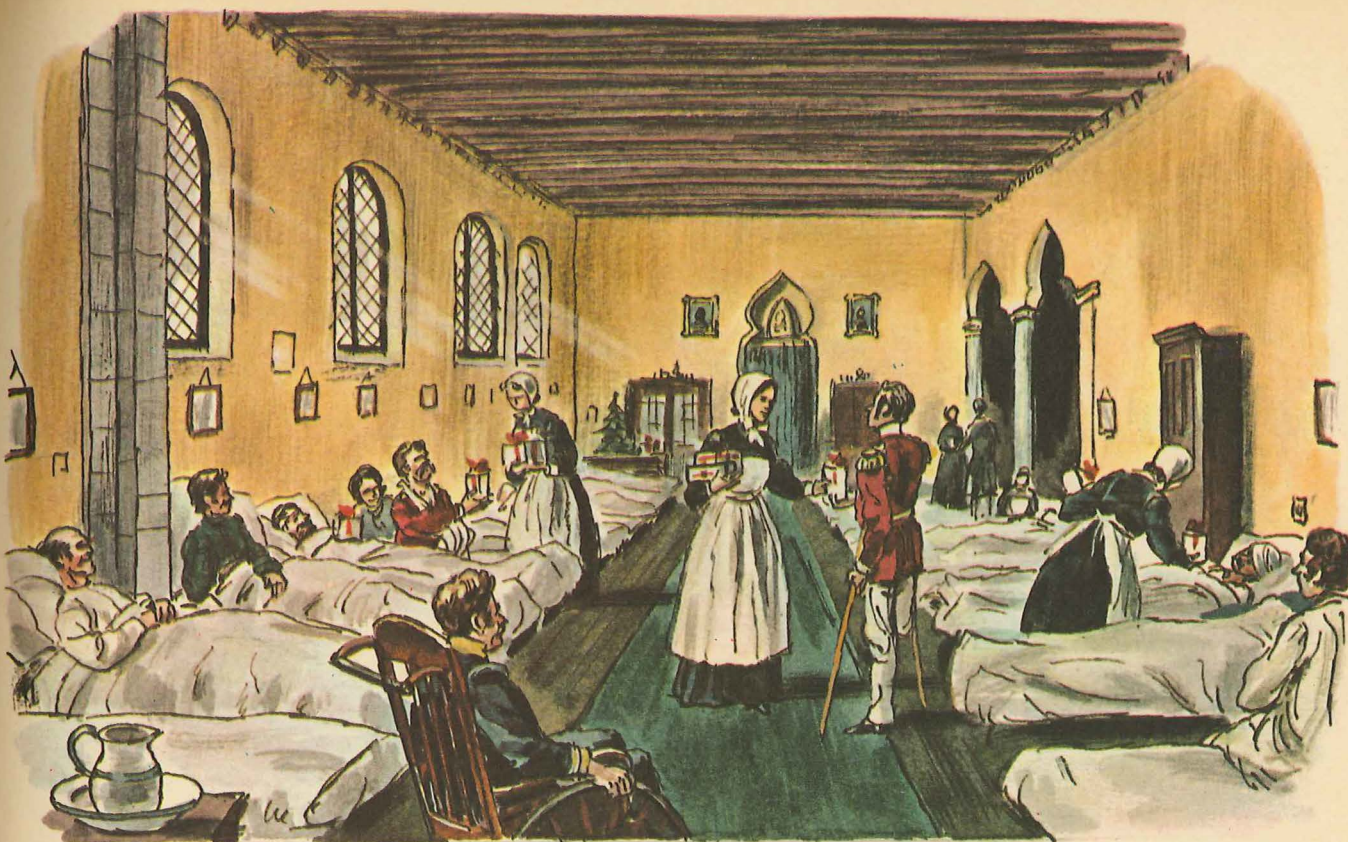
Mary Stanley and her nurses arrived. Confusion increased. Miss Nightingale found herself forced to devote more and more of her time to administrative duties, less and less to tending the sick and wounded.

She wrote Lord Herbert again:

"You have not stood by me but I have stood by you. All that I said in my letter to you I say still more strongly. Please do read it. My heart bleeds for you, that you, the centre of the Parlia-



Florence wrote a letter of protest to Lord Herbert.



Queen Victoria's message was read in the wards, and her gifts were distributed.

mentary row, should have to attend to these miseries, tho' you have betrayed me."

In the end, Miss Nightingale won out, as she was to do time and time again. Lord Herbert wrote to her and took full blame. He reconfirmed her authority. Everything was to be left to her discretion. She could even send the new group of nurses home if she wished.

Mary Stanley's group of nurses was broken up. Some of them went home. Others went to work in the General Hospital, and some were attached to Miss Nightingale's group.

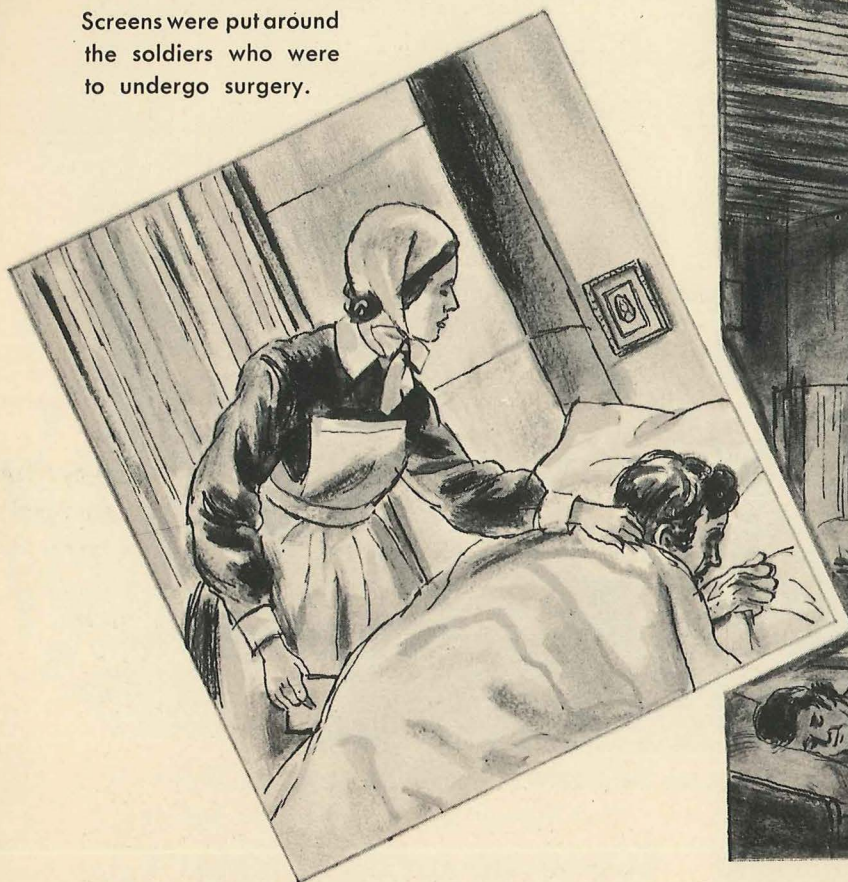
Miss Nightingale was now firmly established as the Lady-in-Chief. Her position was made even stronger by a letter written by Queen Victoria to Lord Herbert:

"Would you tell Mrs. Herbert that I beg she would let me see frequently the

accounts she receives from Miss Nightingale. Let Mrs. Herbert also know that I wish Miss Nightingale and the ladies would tell those poor noble wounded and sick men that *no one* takes a warmer interest or feels *more* for their sufferings or admires their courage and heroism *more* than their Queen. Day and night she thinks of her beloved troops. So does the Prince. Beg Mrs. Herbert to communicate these words to those ladies, as I know that our sympathy is valued by those noble fellows."

This message was read aloud in all the wards and published in newspapers. Just before Christmas, Miss Nightingale received a personal letter from the Queen. In it, Queen Victoria asked Miss Nightingale to distribute the gifts she had sent to the men. It ended with the note that the Queen wanted her to "be made aware that your goodness and

Screens were put around the soldiers who were to undergo surgery.



self-devotion in giving yourself up to the soothing attendance upon these wounded and sick soldiers had been observed by the Queen with sentiments of the highest approval . . .”

Conditions at Barracks Hospital improved rapidly. Miss Nightingale was able to spend more and more time in the actual supervision of the care of the sick and wounded. No single detail, no complaint went unnoticed.

On one of the many rounds she made of the wards each day, she noticed a soldier, face buried in his blanket, sobbing, his hands clutching at the sides of his cot.

“What is it, soldier? I will help you.” Florence said.

“Don’t let them do it! Please! I can’t stand it!” The soldier raised himself up

slightly on his cot. His tear-stained face pleaded with Miss Nightingale. He sank back down and would give no further explanation of his problem.

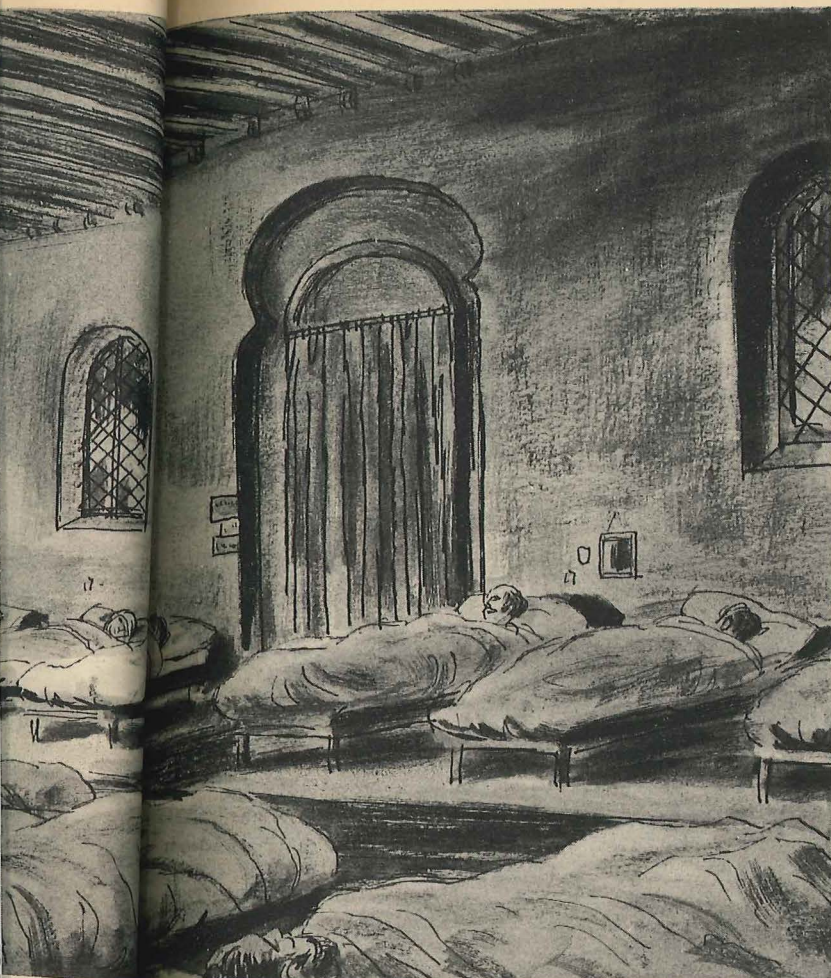
A soldier on the next cot volunteered the reason for his comrade’s frantic outburst.

“He saw them take off the leg of the fellow in the next bed. He’s due to lose his leg, too. That’s what’s got him so scared, Mum. I don’t blame him. It’s a horrible sight to see.”

Miss Nightingale placed a hand on the weeping soldier’s back.

“Be brave. They will not amputate unless it is necessary to save your life. Whatever must happen, I know you will face it bravely.”

There was no operating room in the hospital. Amputations were performed



The rough soldiers curbed their profanity. They stifled their cries of pain and anguish as Miss Nightingale approached them.

The Lady of the Lamp

How did Florence get the name, "The Lady of the Lamp"?

Every night, just before Florence Nightingale retired, she made a trip to every ward. With lamp in hand, she walked up and down the long rows of cots where her patients lay. The flickering light cast her shadow over the men's beds. Now and again she would pause to place a cool cloth over a feverish brow or whisper encouragement to a sleepless sufferer.

The men watched her appreciatively as she walked by. To them she would always be "The Lady of the Lamp."

The sergeant who was assigned as permanent orderly to Miss Nightingale worshiped her. He thought she could do no wrong — with one exception. Miss Nightingale had called a meeting of her nurses. The sergeant stood on the outside fringe of the group, listening.

"I want to talk to you about ventilation," Florence began. "Windows must be kept open."

"Surely, not in the sickrooms!" one of the newer nurses said, shocked. "Why, it would be certain death to have a window open with a man sick in bed."

in the open wards, in full view of all the other patients. Miss Nightingale remedied this. She spoke to the orderly who always accompanied her on her rounds.

"See that screens are brought. Immediately!"

"Screens, Mum?"

"Yes. Fetch them to the office of the Chief Medical Officer. I will be waiting for you there."

From that moment on, screens were placed around the cot of a man who was to have a limb removed. No longer did other patients in the wards have to watch such surgery.

The men loved Miss Nightingale. Her warmth and sympathy were directed to every patient. She was quick to understand their problems. For many of them she wrote letters to their families.



The Lady of the Lamp smiled. "People have thought that for years. But it simply isn't true. Fresh air won't hurt anyone."

"But patients must be kept warm!" a nurse objected.

"Certainly," Miss Nightingale replied. "We must use common sense. Make sure that a patient is never chilled. But purity of air is essential."

"Me feet, Mum. They're always get-

ting cold. Even with plenty of covers. No open window for me."

Laughter greeted this remark. It was the sergeant speaking.

The meeting disbanded. That night the Lady of the Lamp was making her final tour of the day again. The sergeant trailed behind her. "But surely she doesn't mean for the windows to be opened at night," he muttered to himself.

Miss Nightingale stepped over to a



"Brave men they were."

closed window. She raised it a few inches and moved on. The sergeant waited until she was far down the corridor. He went swiftly to the window and closed it. He did this time after time on that tour.

The sergeant adored Miss Nightingale. He praised her everywhere, but he kept right on disobeying her orders.

The wounded from Balaklava kept coming into Scutari. Both the Barracks and the General Hospital were filled to

overflowing. In January, 1855, there were more British soldiers in the hospitals than there were on the battlefields outside of Sevastopol. By actual count, 11,000 soldiers were on the battlefields. There were 12,000 in the hospitals. Still the hospital ships came, across the Black Sea, bringing in more and more wounded.

From the lips of the wounded, Miss Nightingale heard the tragic story of

the charge of the Light Brigade. This cavalry charge, perhaps the most famous in all history, is vividly recorded in Alfred, Lord Tennyson's poem, "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

"Brave men they were, Mum," a soldier told Miss Nightingale, "but they didn't have a chance."

The Light Brigade was composed of six hundred trained horse soldiers. They formed at the western end of a valley known as the plains of Balaklava. Lying in wait at the eastern end of the valley were eight battalions of Russian infantry, four squadrons of cavalry and fourteen heavy guns.

More Russian guns, infantry and cavalry lined the two sides of the valley. It was into this three-sided avenue of death that the Light Brigade charged.

"The Brigade will advance," Lord

Cardigan ordered in a calm voice. "Walk, march, trot."

A strange, ominous silence spread over the valley. No shots were fired, no cannons boomed. The Light Brigade entered the "jaws of death."

The Brigade rode in perfect precision. Not a horse was out of line. Onward the soldiers charged, nearing the Russian guns, passing the silent guns trained on them from either side.

With a roar the Russian guns shattered the silence, raking the valley with hundreds of cannon balls and shot. Horses stumbled, staggered and fell, tossing their riders to the ground. The discipline maintained was magnificent. As horse and rider were shot down, the front rank would open to allow another lancer to fill the gap. The soldiers continued their suicidal advance in perfect order, leaving the fallen dead and wounded behind them.

The Russians fired everything they had. It was soon over. Six hundred men rode into that valley of death. Fewer than two hundred returned — most of them wounded. Five hundred horses were killed.

Miss Nightingale visited Balaklava. She looked down that long valley and could see in her mind's eye the charge, described to her by the wounded who had been brought to her hospital.

She had gone to Balaklava to inspect the field hospitals. She knew that if they could be operated more efficiently, many deaths could be prevented. Before her visit, men lay on the battlefields for hours, even days, without attention. Then they were raised on crude stretch-



"Walk, march, trot," was the commander's order.



Four soldiers carried Florence on a stretcher.

ers and literally dumped into the hospital ships for the trip across the Black Sea. Many of them died on the crossing. If the soldiers could receive first aid or emergency treatment before being placed aboard the hospital ships, many lives could be saved.

Her inspection of the battlefields and the field hospitals convinced Miss Nightingale that conditions must be improved at the Balaklava General Hospital as well as at the group of huts on the heights of Balaklava called the Castle Hospital. These hospitals were as dirty and as poorly operated as the ones at Scutari had been.

As had happened at Scutari, Miss Nightingale was received with hostility and insolence. She steeled herself against this reception just as she had done before. She was determined to overcome all obstacles. She prepared herself for still another battle, so that wounded and sick troops could receive the care they deserved. Before she could

go into action, she collapsed. She had become a victim of the dreaded Crimean fever — the same terrible disease that had felled so many soldiers.

All Balaklava was deeply concerned for Miss Nightingale, even those who opposed her. After a few days on the ship that had brought her to Balaklava, it was decided she must be moved to the purer air at the Castle Hospital. She was borne from the ship and placed on a stretcher. Four soldiers carried her up the heights to the hospital while a secretary walked beside her, holding an umbrella over Miss Nightingale's head. The troops at Balaklava wept as they saw her being carried by. When news of her serious illness reached Scutari, the men turned their faces to the wall and cried. "All their trust was in her," a sergeant wrote to his family.

For over two weeks Miss Nightingale

was delirious. She was so close to death during this time that doctors felt she would never recover. But she did. Against the advice of doctors who wanted her to return to England or go to Switzerland to convalesce, she returned to Scutari.

Upon her recovery, Miss Nightingale learned that the plans she had made for improving conditions at Balaklava, and the orders she had issued, had been ignored. She returned to Balaklava in October. She spent one month there, trying against constant opposition to

put things in order. At the end of the month she was called back to Scutari, where an epidemic of cholera had broken out.

Although Miss Nightingale continued to meet with great resistance and opposition in Scutari and Balaklava, back in England she had become a national heroine.

Her illness, her recovery and her determination to stay in the Crimea until the end of the war brought public opinion throughout England and elsewhere strongly and firmly behind her.



BROOCH DESIGNED BY
PRINCE ALBERT

The Honors of a Nation

What honors were
given to Florence
Nightingale by a
grateful nation?

In a General Order issued by the Secretary of War in London to the troops in the East, it was suggested that a Nightingale Fund be raised. The suggestion in the General Order was that each soldier contribute one day's pay toward the fund. The response was enormous. Thousands of dollars poured in.

Following the formation of the fund, Queen Victoria, "to mark her warm feelings of admiration in a way which should be agreeable," presented Miss Nightingale with a brooch designed by the Prince Consort, Albert, the Queen's

husband. It was a St. George's Cross in red enamel, topped with a diamond crown. The word "Crimea" was emblazoned on one side, circled with the words, "Blessed are the merciful." On the other side were the words:

"To Miss Florence Nightingale, as a mark of esteem and gratitude for her devotion towards the Queen's brave soldiers, from Victoria R. 1855."

It was not long after this that a dispatch from London established Miss Nightingale in complete control of the nursing establishment. It was issued by



Florence greatly admired the brooch Queen Victoria had given her and was deeply honored by the occasion.

Turning down all the honors that would have come with a triumphant home-coming reception, Florence arrived at her family's home alone and unexpected.



order of the Commander-in-Chief, Sir William Codrington:

"The Secretary of State for War has addressed the following dispatch to the Commander of the Forces, with a desire

that it should be promulgated in General Orders:

"It appears to me that the Medical Authorities of the Army do not correctly comprehend Miss Nightingale's position as it has been officially recognized by me. I therefore think it right to state to you briefly for their guidance,

as well as for the information of the Army, what the position of that excellent lady is. Miss Nightingale is recognized by Her Majesty's Government as the General Superintendent of the Female Nursing Establishment of the Military Hospitals of the Army. No lady, or sister, or nurse, is to be transferred from one hospital to another without consultation with her. The Principal Medical Officer will communicate with Miss Nightingale upon all subjects connected with the Female Nursing Establishment, and will give his directions through that lady."

It was a supreme triumph for Florence Nightingale. This authority far exceeded anything she had ever asked for or expected. She used it wisely. With no further interference from military and medical authorities, she instituted reform after reform. The death rate in the hospitals dropped sharply and quickly. Her long battle in the Crimea was over. The war itself came to an end shortly. No one had won it, though the British had suffered greater losses than the Russians. A peace treaty was drawn up in Paris.

Miss Nightingale returned to England as the nation's outstanding heroine. The British people, from Cabinet Minister on down, wanted to honor her. The Government offered to place a battleship at her disposal for the return trip. She refused. Her sister Parthenope wrote her that "the whole regiments of the Coldstreams, the Grenadiers and the Fusiliers would like to meet her, or, failing that, they would like to send their bands to play for her wherever she might arrive, either day or night."

She turned down all these honors. She traveled incognito from Constantinople to Marseilles and went to Paris to spend the next day and night alone. Then she crossed the channel to England. No one knew she was arriving.

Dusk was falling over the Nightingale estate at Lea Hurst. Parthenope and Mr. Nightingale were sitting in the drawing room. The housekeeper entered the room and crossed to a window overlooking the driveway. She shrieked and burst into tears. Walking slowly up the driveway was a lady in black. Florence Nightingale had come home from the war.

Although she refused to accept any public recognition for what she had accomplished, honors were showered upon her. Her fame and her feats spread all over the world. The American poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow read a letter published in a New York newspaper. It was written by a soldier who had been nursed back to health by Miss Nightingale in Barracks Hospital. The soldier wrote that "men kissed Miss Nightingale's shadow as she passed by, lamp in hand." Longfellow's poem, "Santa Filomena," was based on that letter.

After her return from the Crimea, Miss Nightingale refused to make public appearances, attend public functions, or issue public statements. She refused all invitations, and within two years many people thought she had died. In her quiet way, she was laying the groundwork to win authorities over to her side. There was still much to be done to improve hospital conditions.

In September, 1856, she was invited

by Queen Victoria to visit her and the Prince Consort at Balmoral, the summer palace in Scotland. The friendship between the Queen and Miss Nightingale grew stronger. The Queen even wrote to the Duke of Cambridge: "I wish we had her at the War Office."

Miss Nightingale told the Queen and the Prince Consort about the defects in Britain's military hospital system and the reforms that were needed. As a result of these talks, a Royal Commission was established to act on Miss Nightingale's suggestions.

This was only the start. For years she advised on procedures for hospital and nursing improvement and on reforms to improve the life of the British soldier. She worked for the Royal Commission on Health of the Army in India. She wrote many papers on hospitals and nursing practices. She established King's College Training School for Midwives.

Miss Nightingale's experience and advice was sought by the United States. In the War Between the States, the Secretary of War in Washington asked her to help organize hospitals to care for the sick and wounded. She immediately sent him all the British War Office forms and nursing aids dealing with the setting up of hospitals during wartime. At the war's end, the secretary of the United States Christian Union wrote to her, saying, "Your influence and our indebtedness to you can never be known."

Miss Nightingale found it impossible to retire to the seclusion she so badly wanted. She still had at her disposal the Nightingale Fund, which had increased to 45,000 pounds — nearly \$225,000. With this money she decided to establish a training school for nurses. While



planning for this school, the busy Miss Nightingale wrote her most popular book, *Notes on Nursing*. This book was designed to help the average housewife care for the health of her family.

The Nightingale Training School for Nurses was established at St. Thomas' Hospital in London. It was still another triumph for the Lady of the Lamp. By now, her health had begun to fail. She became an invalid. But the spark that had inspired her throughout her life still burned brightly within her weakened



Florence was received at Balmoral by the Queen and the Prince Consort for talks concerning the improvement of Britain's military hospitals. Many times after their meeting, Florence joined the Queen for long walks and carriage rides.



body. She continued to urge reforms and improvements. The Nightingale Training School for Nurses was enlarged.

In 1880, when she was sixty years old, the British Army called upon her again. They had sent a military expedition to Egypt to quell an uprising that

threatened the safety of British outposts. The Government asked Miss Nightingale to select a party of nurses to go with the expedition. She did so and the nurses left under the leadership of a matron trained by Miss Nightingale.

The legend of Florence Nightingale continued to grow. In 1897, when she was seventy-seven years old, Great Britain held the Queen Victoria Diamond Jubilee, celebrating the sixtieth year of the Queen's reign. The Victorian Era Exhibition held in connection with the Jubilee was highlighted by a section showing the progress of nursing. Miss Nightingale was persuaded to lend relics and mementos of her days in the Crimea. People flocked to this section. Old soldiers attended and, with tears in their eyes, kissed some of the relics.

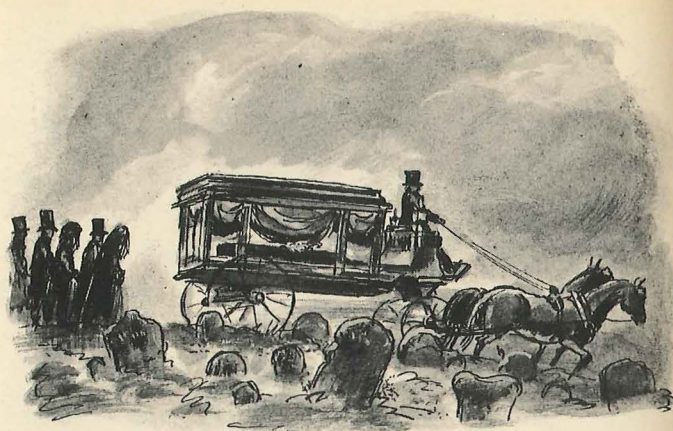
Less than two years later, Miss Nightingale started to become blind. By 1901, she had completely lost her eyesight. Honors were still bestowed upon her. In 1907, King Edward VII awarded her the Order of Merit. It was the first time this high honor had ever been given to a woman.

Miss Nightingale lived to be ninety years old. She died on August 13, 1910. The British Government wanted to give her a national funeral with burial in Westminster Abbey. But she had said earlier she wanted no such honors. The Government respected her wishes. She was buried in her family burial ground.

She had also requested that "no memorial whatever should mark the place where lies my Mortal Coil." Six British sergeants carried her coffin to the grave. Her only memorial is one line on the family tombstone:

"F. N. Born 1820. Died 1910."

Florence Nightingale needs no more memorial than that. Her memorial lives on in her long and successful struggle



Florence was interred in her family burial ground.

to raise the nursing profession to the position of respect and prominence it has today.

She was the Lady of the Lamp whose shining light drove out the darkness that had engulfed nursing for so many years.



The Nursing Profession Today

What are the requirements for becoming a nurse today, and what are the rewards?

Thousands of young women have followed in the gallant footsteps of Florence Nightingale. Thousands more are still needed all over the world, and the demand for nurses is constantly growing.

Nursing has made great strides since the days when Miss Nightingale led her group of thirty-eight nurses from London to the Crimea. In those days, nursing was not recognized as a profession. Women who were called nurses were generally looked down upon. It is to Miss Nightingale's everlasting credit that she raised nursing to the level of respectability and had it acknowl-

edged as a profession. In doing this, she made a great contribution toward the relief of suffering, the improvement of health, and the prevention of illness for all mankind.

Nursing today is considered a vital and eminently respectable profession. The goals of modern nursing are still based on those principles set forth by Miss Nightingale:

The care of the sick.

The prevention of disease.

The promotion of health.

For the young woman of today who decides to enter nursing, it can mean a lifetime of satisfying experience in help-

ing people when they need help the most.

The nurse's salary, working conditions and job security compare favorably with those in other professions open to women. A nurse's salary, of course, depends a good deal on her preparation and experience, and the wage scales of the community or hospital in which she works. Top jobs in professional nursing or in teaching and administration often bring very high salaries.

Nursing can be described as a vital career. It is stimulating, rewarding, challenging and satisfying.

How does one become a nurse?

Necessary qualifications for entering a nursing school vary from state to state. In general, though, in the United States, an applicant must complete four years of high school and be in the top third or half of her class.

The Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston was one of the first three hospitals in the United States to establish a training program for nurses. Its program and methods of training were adapted from the Nightingale Training School for Nurses at St. Thomas' Hospital in London.

Applicants for admission to the Massachusetts General Nursing School must have a high school education, with a good foundation in English, history, mathematics, and science.

In order to earn the right to use the initials RN (Registered Nurse) after her name, a young woman must take a thorough nursing course that includes a minimum of three years' training.

Although these requirements may vary in the 1,100 professional nursing

schools in the United States, they are regarded as the standard.

Modern nursing has greatly expanded since the days when a nurse's chief duties were the bathing and feeding of the sick. Today, nursing's major fields are:

Hospital nursing.

Public health nursing.

Occupational nursing.

Nursing education.

Here are just a few of the things a hospital nurse may be required to do in the line of duty at any of the twenty-four hours of the day:

Administer medications.

Keep charts on pulse rate, temperature, respiration count.

Prepare a patient for an X-ray.

Check on an unconscious patient six times an hour.

Reset the supply of oxygen in an oxygen tent for a pneumonia patient.

Take blood counts.

Administer intravenous injections.

Fetch drugs from the locked narcotics cabinet for a patient who is in a critical condition.

Care for a patient wheeled in from the emergency room, after an operation.

Nursing has become highly specialized. Some of the special classifications are:

Obstetric nursing.

Child health nursing.

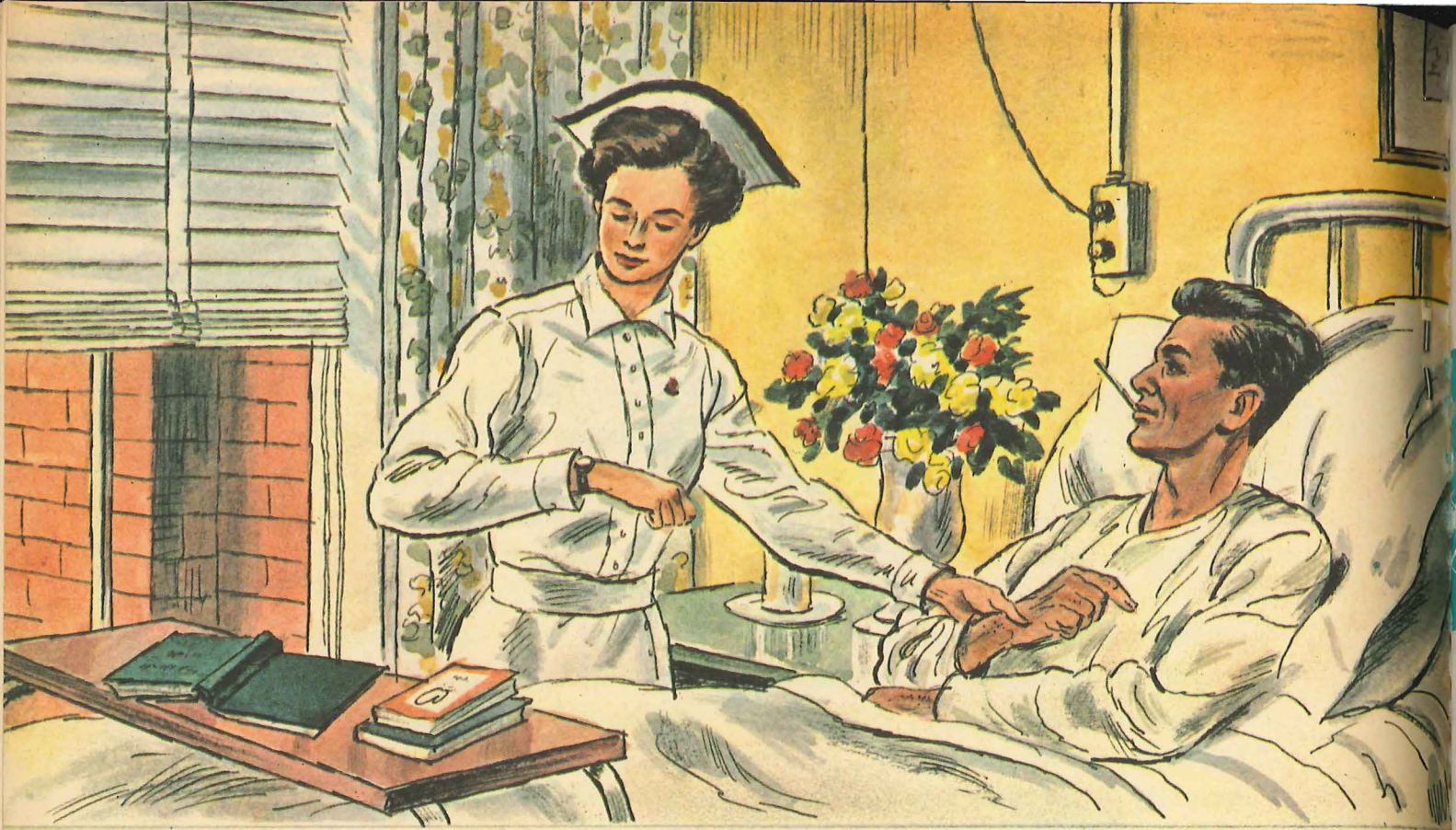
Psychiatric nursing (the care of the mentally ill).

Geriatric nursing (care of the aged).

Surgical nursing (care of the patient before, during and after an operation).

The nurse may also instruct a new mother in the feeding of her child.

Another attractive field of nursing



Nursing, as practiced today, has come a long way since the days of Florence Nightingale. For many of its advances, however, today's nursing profession owes Miss Nightingale a great debt of gratitude.

is found in the Armed Forces of the United States. A nurse entering Army service is commissioned a first lieutenant. She is made an ensign if she joins the Navy. She can enlist for two years, then re-enlist if she wishes, and go on to a higher rank.

A nurse serving in the Armed Forces — the Army, Navy or Air Force — may serve in any number of different locations throughout the world. These nurses not only serve their country, but they frequently also have an opportunity to travel in foreign lands.

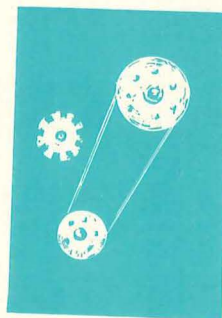
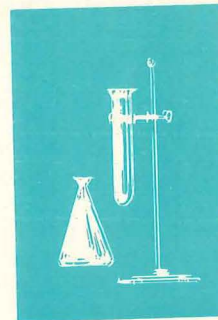
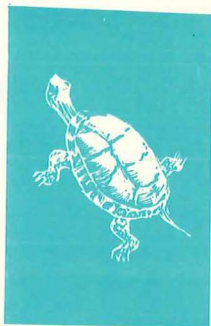
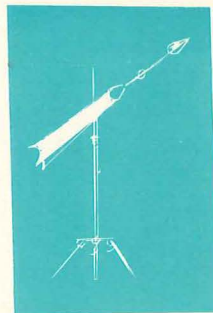
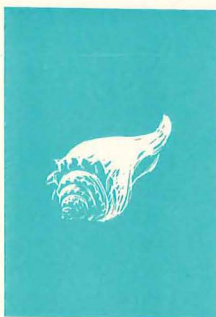
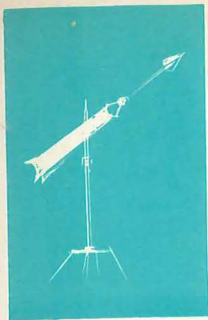
A most interesting service is that of flight nurse. A flight nurse takes special courses in in-flight care, training in evacuation of patients by aircraft, and procedures in airborne wards. These "angels of mercy" deserve the wings

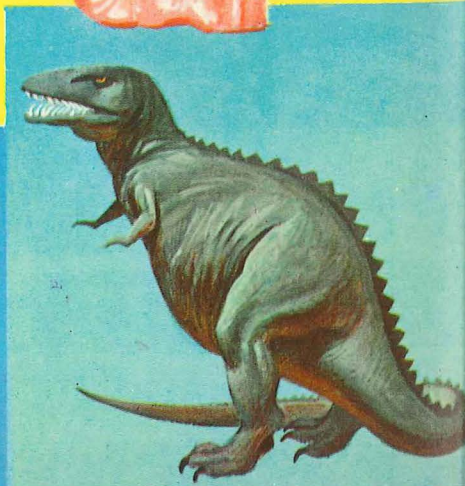
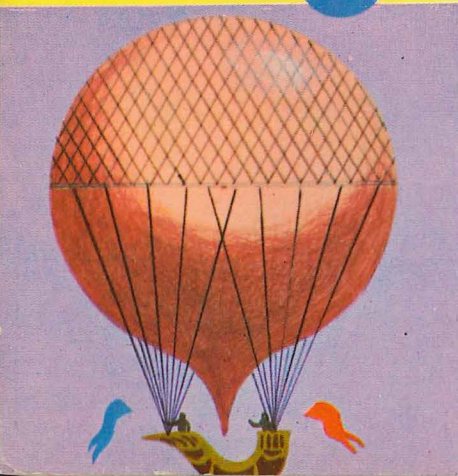
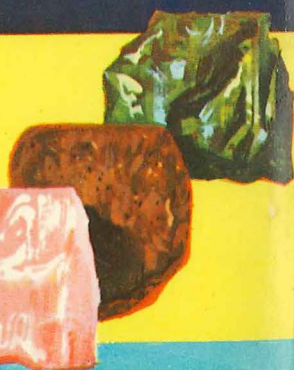
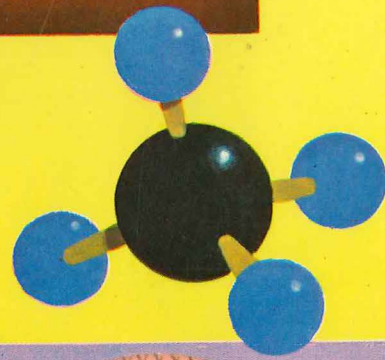
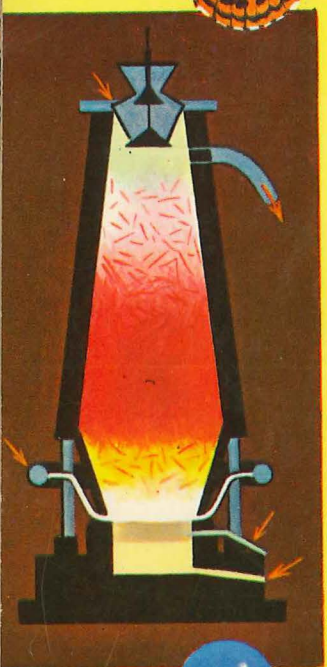
they earn. Flight nurses draw extra pay for flight time, just as pilots do.

Nursing, in addition to its great service to humanity, is also considered an excellent preparation for marriage and parenthood. Two-thirds of all professional registered nurses in the United States are married.

The nursing profession has been described by many persons, but perhaps the best description is still the one made by Florence Nightingale:

"Nursing is an art, and if it is to be made an art, it requires as exclusive devotion, as hard preparation, as any painter's or sculptor's work; for what is having to do with dead canvas or cold marble compared with having to do with the living body — the temple of God's spirit?"





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